

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



'Ephraim Bonus', an etching by Rembrandt (see 'On Collecting Prints and Engravings', by Harold Wright, page 361)

The Great Divide between East and West:

I—The Problem of Germany

(pages 347-351)

Base story

(which took a turn for the better)

In making photographic film, the most expensive item is the film base, which doubtless sounds extremely simple and logical.

What is (or rather, was) somewhat less logical is that the British film industry, after the war, paid out alarming sums in dollars each year in order to import this film base ("something like celluloid" to you perhaps, but *cellulose triacetate* to the more technically minded).

This formidable drain on our national resources had to be stopped. And it was stopped—at a cost, but thankfully, in sterling.

Briefly, we at Ilford, in conjunction with BX Plastics, undertook to make this base. Apart

from a small pilot plant which had been operated in Britain during the war, we had little technical 'know-how'. Certainly not the know-how required for making film base on a large scale and thus creating an important new industry in Britain. We had to work out the processes, and design and build the plant ourselves. The job involved a vast technical effort and an investment of something over £2,500,000.

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The Listener

Vol. LIX. No. 1509

Thursday February 27 1958

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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The Great Divide—I

The Problem of Germany

An inquiry into some of the issues between East and West

LORD READING (chairman): This inquiry bears the title of 'The Great Divide', by which is meant the cleavage between our world and the Communist world that has now for so long cast a heavy and at times actively menacing shadow over our lives. There are many conflicting theories as to how the world fell apart into these two opposite camps. There are perhaps even more ideas as to the possibility of bridging this 'Grand Canyon' of mutual suspicion and hostility and the best method of setting about so complex and formidable a task.

We therefore propose here and in the next two programmes not to attempt to cover the whole vast field of controversy between East and West but to enquire into a limited number of specific issues, with a view to analysing the symptoms, diagnosing the causes, and discussing the efficacy or otherwise of some of the remedies prescribed.

My role as chairman is not to express (indeed, to suppress) any views of my own, but to call before you a number of expert witnesses to give you their evidence. At the end of each programme I will try to sum up the evidence given in the course of it, but ultimately it will be for each member of the jury, composed of all those listening, to arrive at his or her own verdict.

In this first programme the specific subject is European security, any discussion of which can scarcely avoid reference to the future of Germany. The heart of that matter is that Germany is divided into two. Do many of us now remember how that division came about? Yet a proper understanding of the causes is essential if we are fully to appreciate the situation that exists today. I shall therefore begin by asking Lord Strang to give a factual account of the material events from his experience, first

as the United Kingdom representative on the European Advisory Commission which was engaged during the war in considering Germany's future, and later as Political Adviser to the British Control Commission.

Lord Strang: When we and the Americans and Russians were discussing the occupation of Germany in the European Advisory Commission in 1944, we considered whether occupation should be by zones, one zone being allotted to each occupying Power, or whether there should be some system of joint occupation. We decided, without hesitation, in favour of zones, but we and the Americans never intended that the zones should be cut off from each other. The Russians thought otherwise. Thus, although the Russians agreed at the Potsdam Conference in July, 1945, that Germany should be treated as an economic unit, so that the surplus of food in the Soviet zone should go to make up the deficiency in the Western zones, they went back on this; they put down the Iron Curtain between East and West and cut off their own zone from the others.

This is what really determined the policy of the British and the Americans, and later the French, about their own zones. Step by step the Western zones were amalgamated, first economically, then politically. Step by step a democratic Western German Government was brought into being; step by step Western Germany was linked with the other countries of Western Europe and made a part of the Western European Community, on equal terms.

This latter process began with the admission of Western Germany to participate in the Marshall Plan. Then, later on, there was the agreement that Western Germany should make a con-

tribution to Western European defence. This led on to the admission of Western Germany to Western European Union, and eventually to Nato. Side by side with this, Western Germany was brought into the new, intimate, six-Power continental European organisations such as the European Coal and Steel Community, the European Atomic Energy Community, and the Common Market. Western Germany has come into all these organisations as a free agent and on equal terms, subject to certain restrictions in the matter of armaments. Though the future of democracy in Western Germany is far from being certainly assured, this evolution on the part of Germany is nevertheless a great and promising event in European history.

Note the contrast in the case of Eastern Germany. The Soviet Zone, having been cut off from the West, was at first mercilessly exploited by the Russians for the benefit of their own economy. Armed forces were created there in 1948, long before anything similar was done in Western Germany. The Social Democratic Party was, in 1946, submerged in the Communist-directed Socialist Unity Party. A Communist-dominated Government was set up, which is still in power.

The sentiment of the people of Eastern Germany towards this regime may be judged by the workers' revolt in 1953; it is also made plain by the flood of immigrants from East to West, which is still strongly continuing.

Not to be outdone by the Western Powers, the Russians built up the Warsaw Pact on the model of Nato, and Eastern Germany became a member of it together with the other satellite states—Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and the rest. But, unlike Nato, the Warsaw Pact is not an association of free nations; it is a fence ringed round the captive states, which continue to be effectively held down by the Russians.

Lord Reading: With that very necessary introduction by Lord Strang, we can perhaps pass to the consideration of reunion between the two parts of Germany. Is it possible or impossible, desirable or undesirable, essential or inessential to any acceptable solution? Could or should a reunited Germany be effectively neutralised; and how would the rest of Europe react to a neutral Germany?

Those are the sort of points on which I shall now ask Mr. Midgley, formerly a senior member of the British Control Commission, then for several years Bonn correspondent of *The Times*, and at present Foreign Editor of *The Economist*, to give his views.

John Midgley: If there are to be talks with the Russians, aimed at the reduction of the tension in Europe, it will not be possible to avoid discussing Germany, and the talks will not get far unless each side knows, and is able to indicate, what sort of settlement of the German question it would be prepared to consider. As I see it, the present need is not to put up plans that will solve the German question in 1958, but to decide what we want. What is the purpose of Western policy in Central Europe? What is the irreducible minimum of our demands, and what is the limit to which we might go, if all went well, in order to get a settlement?

If I had to define what I thought should be the objectives of Western policy for Germany, I think I would arrive at something like this: we should want Germany to be stable and contented; this implies that it should be united, because a nation with two governments cannot be stable. We should want it to be at peace; this implies a peace treaty which all Germany's neighbours and former enemies, East and West, can sign; and it implies defined and recognised frontiers. We should want Germany to be a free country with a healthy economic system, playing its part in the economic and political life of the Western world; that is, if there must still be an Iron Curtain, Germany should be on this side of it.

It does not seem to me an absolute essential to this set of objectives that Germany should be permanently in Nato. West Germany's membership of Nato, like Nato itself, was one of the expedients adopted when the military organisation of Western Europe against a possible, even a probable, Russian attack across the northern European plain was generally believed to be the condition of Western survival. There may be differences of opinion whether that position has changed since 1949; I would say that it

has. But about one thing there can be no difference: unless and until it has changed, the Soviet Army will not leave Germany, Germany cannot be reunited, and there will be no settlement of the German question.

I think we can dismiss from our minds any idea that the Russians will leave the part of Germany which they hold if there is any prospect that the new all-German State will join Nato. So the consequence of insisting that it should be free to join Nato is that the division of Germany will stay, as it is, with the Russians in one part and the Nato armies—or what is left of them when we have all finished with our economy cuts—in the other.

I do not think that a Germany that was reunited, and from which Russian and Nato troops had been withdrawn, would be lost to the West. We have to remember that the Federal Republic with its provisional capital at Bonn does enjoy the general support of the 50,000,000 people of West Germany; while the East German regime does not enjoy the same support from the 17,000,000 people who are left to it. This is a matter of common observation. What we think of, therefore, when we think of a united Germany not in Nato, is of a military situation much less hag-ridden by the imminent danger of war, a Western military alliance confined to a somewhat narrower area of Western Europe than it holds now, and a strong and united Germany separating the Western armies from the armies of the Warsaw Pact.

You will see that I am still talking about what the West ought to regard as objectives of policy; I am not offering any guarantee that the Russians will agree to co-operate, though I think it is sensible to exclude ideas that it is perfectly obvious they will never accept. Also, I should say that I do not regard this very general picture of the hypothetical future as a plan for settling the German question. Obviously it is nothing of the kind. I have not attempted to say how much territory each side would evacuate, or of what kind of total bargain such a disengagement could form a part. I am limiting myself to the general proposition that to reunite Germany, and leave it outside the Eastern and Western military alliances, would make for a more stable and workable Europe than we have now, and would tend to work out to the advantage of the West if it were done with the help and co-operation of the West and not against its opposition.

Before such a thing is possible, it is clear that the European neighbours of Germany, Eastern and Western, will need to persuade themselves that a reunited Germany, committed in a military sense to neither side, would be less of a danger to them than the present state of affairs is. They could hardly convince themselves of that if, for instance, the Germans were not prepared to settle down and accept their Eastern frontiers, if not as they are now, then with only minor changes. All of us would have to make up our minds to be prepared to see a strong Germany in existence once again as an independent force in European politics. For I am sure you could not neutralise Germany, as you can neutralise Switzerland or Austria. It would be a new departure, and many people would ask: 'If that is what we are to have, why did we fight the war?' Still, we would do well to consider it, if the only alternative is to have a hostile Russia in permanent possession of most of Central Europe.

Lord Reading: There is, no doubt, a strong feeling in this country that some initiative must now be taken towards producing a thaw in a politically ice-bound Europe, but even on this aspect of affairs opinions may differ as to whether such a step is wise or practicable. I shall, therefore, call before you two exponents of somewhat divergent views, each of whom is both a historian and also a close observer of the contemporary European scene. The first will be Mr. James Joll, Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford, and University Lecturer in Modern History and Politics. The second will be Mr. Alan Bullock, Censor of St. Catherine's Society, Oxford, who is the author of a life of Hitler and was a regular broadcaster to Germany during the war.

James Joll: The advantages of changing the present situation in Europe seem to me to be so obvious as hardly to be worth repeating. Let me put forward some of the disadvantages of the present situation and suggest what we stand to gain by a change.

While we are set in the pattern of the cold war, spending an

inordinate amount of our national income on ever more terrifying armaments, we are, in fact, powerless to influence the course of events. Just as the French in the nineteen-thirties were content to sit behind the Maginot Line and wait for the Germans without any idea of what they were going to do about anything short of a direct all-out attack, so we sit patiently waiting for a Russian onslaught without the faintest idea of what we are going to do if it does not come.

There is nothing we can do to help the oppressed peoples of Eastern Europe—our impotence at the time of the Hungarian revolt showed that. There is little we can do for the Poles, except to applaud the skill with which they perform their precariously balanced tight-rope act between Communist orthodoxy and more liberal practice. There is practically nothing we can do, except drop a hydrogen bomb, if the Russians tell the East Germans to make our position in Berlin impossible; and, while Nato may have admirable plans for defence against the Russians, it has shown that in the meantime it is not able to settle the disputes among its members about Cyprus or about the cost of maintaining British forces in Germany; and it was not powerful enough, at the time of the Suez affair, to stop two of its members embarking on an action of which many of the others disapproved. Or, again, we keep on saying—we have been doing so for nearly thirteen years now—that our aim is to reunite Germany; but we are unable to suggest how this can be done. In fact, I rather think that some of us in the West do not really want any reunion of Germany.

If, for the sake of argument, the Russians were to accept some degree of disengagement in Europe—and it is no good expecting them to do this without far-reaching concessions in return—then some at least of these disadvantages would be at once removed and the European picture look very different. If we were prepared to withdraw from West Germany in return for an undertaking from the Russians to evacuate East Germany and Poland—perhaps even Czechoslovakia and Hungary—there would be an immediate improvement in the political situation in those countries, which is, of course, what the Poles hope for with their Rapacki plan. There might, that is, be a chance that Poland would be allowed to develop its own brand of Communism, as Yugoslavia has done, without too much direct pressure from the Russians.

We would then be in a position when we could weigh the pros and cons of uniting Germany a little more realistically than we can at present. Perhaps it will be too much to expect immediate agreement on free elections for both East and West Germany; but it would certainly be much more likely if Germany were taken out of the direct military sphere of the two rival alliance systems. It is only, in fact, if there were a real chance of a united Germany that we should be justified in leaving Berlin—the weakest point tactically in the Western position in Europe, as Mr. Kennan has pointed out—because our presence there is, in fact, a symbolic promise to the people of Germany that there will be a united Germany one day.

However, it might be possible to settle for the maintenance of a divided but demilitarised Germany, but I do not think Dr. Adenauer would ever accept this. Indeed, Adenauer has, with the encouragement of the West, succeeded in forcing the German people to accept rearmament; he has won a place in Nato and has raised Germany to the political status of a European Great Power by emphasising her strategic value to the West.

But, if there were to be a mutual withdrawal from Central Europe, then perhaps Germany would no longer be the most pressing point in the European problem. We should then cease to be hypnotised by Adenauer and his policies and would consider any alternatives there might be. A military withdrawal from Germany would force both us and the Germans to look again at the position of Germany in Europe, and would free us from having to follow the German lead in every negotiation with the Russians affecting the rest of Europe. Once any sort of disengagement were possible, then it seems to me that a relaxation of Russian pressure in Eastern Europe, a solution of the German problem and of the question of Berlin, and a new fluidity and flexibility in our policy would all follow, and with these a new hope for the bewildered and long-suffering people of both halves of Europe.

Alan Bullock: The great advantage of the *status quo*, in my opinion, is that it has relieved Western Europe of the insecurity with which we were threatened in 1947-50. The great achievement of the Atlantic Alliance has been to provide sufficient feeling of security for the recovery of Western Europe to take place. What is the disadvantage of the *status quo*? I do not think it is enough to say the division of Germany; in that sense I think the scope of this programme is not wide enough. I would say that the great disadvantage of the *status quo* has been the need to accept the maintenance of Communist rule, by force and against the wishes of the population, over the European peoples behind the Iron Curtain. These peoples number over 70,000,000, and they include not only Germans, but Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, and so on. It is Europe and not just Germany that is divided.

It is no use pretending, however, that so long as the present *status quo* can be preserved, the Western peoples, including ourselves, are prepared to abandon the advantage of security which it offers, in order to remove the disadvantage of leaving Eastern Europe under Communist rule. My conviction that this is so is strengthened by the attitude of the West during the East German rising of June, 1953, and the Hungarian revolt in the autumn of 1956. However much, and however sincerely, we may wring our hands, we are not going to endanger the *status quo* in order to help the peoples on the other side of the Iron Curtain. The fact that Europe is divided, and Germany too, is no doubt deplorable, but I do not believe that this fact by itself will lead to the disturbance of the *status quo*.

To sum up the first part of my argument: if the choice is between *status quo* and the risk of war, then I believe that we shall choose the *status quo*, even if we go on paying lip service to the desirability of liberating Eastern Europe. But the question I want to raise, looking at not just the immediate future but, say, the next ten years, is this: Is this a choice which we are going to be able to make in the future? Is the history of the last ten years a real guide to the history of the next ten years? Is the *status quo* going to last?

What would disturb it? One possibility that is often discussed is that of another desperate rising, in Poland or Eastern Germany, like that in Budapest eighteen months ago. For my part, I do not think that this is the possibility that most concerns me; my guess is that if this happens the Russians will suppress it, and they are unlikely to be caught unprepared again. The Western Powers will protest, they will hold meetings and pass resolutions, but they will, and can, do nothing more. I think this applies to the West Germans as much as to the rest of us.

No, the possibility that I do not think we have so far discussed is the development of military science. We are still, in my opinion, thinking of the situation in Europe in terms of the weapons of the last war and of the post-war decade; of armies and air forces, even when equipped with nuclear weapons. But within five years it is virtually certain that the United States will come to rely for her defence upon inter-continental ballistic missiles launched from American sites, and then will no longer require, to anything like the same degree, to maintain bases or troops in Europe. This revolution in military science, I suggest, is the dynamic element which is going to disturb the *status quo* in Europe as we have known it during the past ten years.

What are the consequences of this? Militarily I suppose that one of the biggest consequences is that we shall have to equip ourselves, in Europe and the United Kingdom, with intermediate-range ballistic missiles, first in order to provide an effective deterrent during the period before the United States secures the inter-continental ballistic missile, and then to provide for the local defence of Western Europe in case United States forces are withdrawn.

But it would be shortsighted to take the military consequences alone into account. We have also, I suggest, to think in terms of the political consequences. For instance, if the United States is not going to require bases and troops in Western Europe for her own defence in the foreseeable future, as she has in the past, the same will be true of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. The whole status of Europe in the Cold War may then change. This seems to me it may well offer a chance of securing a disengagement in Europe during the next decade.

To sum up the second part of my argument: In the next ten years the conditions for the defence of Western Europe, of the United States (and of the Soviet Union) will be revolutionised by the development of military science. I suggest that besides the immediate steps to be taken to provide for Western Europe's own defence, the military steps, we have to consider the political consequences that may arise from this. For I believe it is dangerous to shut our minds to the possibility that events alone, whatever we may wish, may well make the maintenance of the *status quo* impossible in the next decade; and as dangerous for us to be caught politically unprepared as it would be to be caught militarily unprepared.

Lord Reading: You have listened to a journalist and two historians. Now, to conclude, come the diplomat and the strategist. I propose to recall Lord Strang, and to ask him, this time, to express an opinion from the diplomatic standpoint on the evidence so far given.

Lord Strang: I want to say at once that I agree more with Alan Bullock than I do with James Joll, but I am not going to comment in detail or to try to pierce the future. I shall try to make one general point.

When we try to assess a diplomatic situation it is useful to look back and see what preceded it, and how it arose. In the nineteen-thirties, Europe was in a state of tension; that tension was caused by Hitler's ruthless ambition. It was not our doing; we thought that we could resolve that cleavage by what we called a general settlement. We hoped that we could secure peace by satisfying Germany's grievances. All that we did was to stimulate Germany's demands. Then we turned to the policy of appeasement. When this word was first used it was a respectable word, something like what we now mean when we talk about relaxation of tension, or disengagement: just as tempting and just as dangerous. Neville Chamberlain thought he had got something when he tried to buy peace for ourselves at the expense of a small, friendly country. All he got was Hitler's next territorial demand, which he had to resist by war. Sir Winston Churchill has called this the unnecessary war; it could only have been prevented, if at all, by building up a strongly armed collective defence system. But as we can now see, this was not possible in the political climate of Europe and America in the nineteen-thirties. And so war came.

Today, once again, there is an acute state of tension, and once again it is not our doing. The Russians could reduce tension tomorrow, if they would stop holding down the captive peoples or give over trying to intimidate or subvert the world. But this time, fortunately, we in the West have learnt a lesson. Thanks to a revolution in British and American policy, the great defensive alliance which was not achieved in the nineteen-thirties is in being today. This alliance, with all its imperfections, the Atlantic Community in all its aspects, is still our best guarantee of security. Think what our position would be if we had not got it. It has enabled Western Europe, including Western Germany, even under stress of the Cold War, to have a sense of security, to become prosperous, and to carry out a bold and imaginative political experiment. Now we are asked to believe that if we are to have any hope of peace we must begin to break it up, starting with Western Germany, and at the expense of Western Germany and Western Berlin. For, make no mistake, that is what disengagement, as conceived by some of those who advocate it, would in effect mean, and, as is well known, that is exactly what the Russians want to see happening.

The *status quo* is certainly full of danger, but there is this to be said: both sides know that any move across the dividing line in Germany would be an almost certain invitation to nuclear war. We can hope that the deterrent will go on working and that peace will be kept. Meanwhile, we can go on searching for effective ways to reduce tension. The reunification of Germany will certainly not be possible until the Russians, and the West, have got on to much better terms.

In our response to this situation, the great error would be to imagine that this cleavage can be resolved by a kind of bargain over Germany, or that tension could be eased by some bold, diplomatic stroke or gamble. The truth is that the cleavage is more fundamental, and is likely to be longer-lasting than that. There is

no reason to think that the Communist hierarchy are not still basically hostile to the West, or that they do not still agree with Lenin when he said: 'As soon as we are strong enough to defeat capitalism as a whole, we shall immediately take it by the scruff of the neck'.

The mistake would be to try to snatch at a solution, aiming at disengagement in Germany, before it was reasonably safe to do so. By so doing we should only jeopardise our own security, and multiply rather than reduce the causes of disturbance. The right course is to get our policy and strategy into line, in the face of the revolution in military science; and, while maintaining our main positions so long as need be, to carry out a patient, unremitting search for specific, practical, and effective agreements, particularly in the sphere of disarmament.

Disengagement, in any large sense, must be a long-term, not an immediate, aim. It must wait upon a reduction of tension. In the last resort, what we should have to do is to show that our system of society is more enduring than that of the Communists and that we can outlast them. They, too, are subject to change.

The Russians are trying alternately, by menace, to persuade us that the present situation is intolerable, and by smooth words to convince us that we can produce relief by yielding up the positions, as regards Germany, European security, and disarmament, upon which our post-war policy has been consistently and, I think, soundly based. The present campaign for premature disengagement shows how effective this Russian assault upon our minds has been. We in this country are in danger of giving the Russians the most resounding success they have yet had in the Cold War. Deadlock and stalemate are certainly hard to endure, but to yield would be worse. We should all of us do well not to forget the lesson of the nineteen-thirties.

Lord Reading: Lastly, the strategic considerations, which must exercise so powerful an influence upon both the existing situation and any proposed changes in it: from this vital angle, Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman, formerly a member of the Directing Staff of the Imperial Defence College, and from 1953 to 1957 Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, will call attention to certain general considerations and will then examine some of the views put forward by previous witnesses.

Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman: I think I must start with a word about the hydrogen bomb, since, unless we have our thoughts straight on this point, we cannot get into its proper perspective the military impact upon the political situation in Europe. And I, for one, think that military apprehension is today a predominant factor in the European situation and will remain so, at least until there is that change of heart to which Mr. Kennan alluded in his second Reith Lecture.

The hydrogen bomb is not merely just one more step in the inevitable advance of military science, which we have grown to expect as long as our military scientists are working in their laboratories with their diabolical efficiency. It is something much more than this. The hydrogen bomb, if ever it were used—and personally I doubt very much whether it will be—would literally revolutionise warfare. Therefore we must cast aside all our previous conceptions of how a war could be fought. Uses for conventional weapons and land armies still remain, but their role and their purpose have changed fundamentally. They will be there to get the evidence of aggression; to act as a trip-wire, or call it what you will. An expensive form of trip-wire, you may say. Yes, but so world-shattering is the decision to use the hydrogen bomb that I am certain that no government of the West, at any rate, would loose its trigger without some pretty convincing pretext.

The other purpose of conventional weapons—again as far as the West is concerned—is to buy time: it may only be a matter of hours or days at the most, in which the 'massive retaliation' of the West, as it has come to be called, can be deployed. Without such purchase of time, and with no form of land opposition in Europe, Russia would be free to place herself so rapidly on the Western seaboard of Europe that, *vis-à-vis* this country, and indeed America, she would gain a geographical advantage which would more than outweigh any technical advantage in air power that the West might still have over the East.

With that background, I would make a couple of brief com-

ments on James Joll's views. He alluded to the Maginot Line and likened the present situation in Europe to the folly that lay behind the conception of the Maginot Line. But the reason for the presence of the land armies of Nato in Europe today and the purpose behind the French Maginot Line of the late nineteen-thirties are so fundamentally different that it is useless, if not dangerous, to draw an analogy. I would not disagree with Joll so fundamentally in his argument that there is nothing we can do but drop a hydrogen bomb if the Russians set to work to make our position in Berlin impossible. But, whilst admitting that the hydrogen bomb did not exist in 1948, I would remind him that there was a good deal that we could do, and in point of fact did do, without spilling a drop of blood, at the time of the Berlin air-lift.

I am at one with Joll when he maintains that disengagement in Europe in any form or to any degree cannot be achieved without some far-reaching concession from the West. Nor do I, as a military man, hold that such concessions should not be yielded. But I do plead most strongly that the full military implications of any such concessions should be analysed, exposed, and presented to the public, and that the attendant military risks should not be glossed over but should be properly balanced, before—for more obvious political reasons—they are accepted.

One short word on Alan Bullock's very forceful presentation of his case. I think I detected a fallacy in some of his closing remarks when he was discussing the effect of the advent of the inter-continental ballistic missile. I agree that when—repeat when—parity between East and West in this form of air power is achieved, there will be a need for a good deal of re-thinking. But in our re-thinking, I hope we will not fall into the trap of regarding these devices as an absolute weapon; since, in my opinion, there is no such thing as an absolute weapon, nor will such a thing ever exist. However powerful they may seem to us today, a degree of defence against them will assuredly be found. Moreover, if we follow Bullock and pin our faith to these ballistic missiles to the extent of denying the need for a trip-wire in Europe, as he does, we are in danger, militarily, of making a present to the East of the whole of Western Europe at any time of their choosing.

Lord Reading: That finishes the evidence for tonight, and it only remains for me to sum up its effect. I suggest to you that two main questions have emerged, and, as was only to be expected, not without a sharp conflict of opinion between the experts. But if everyone were agreed as to the right course to follow there would be little purpose, and less interest, in a programme of this kind.

The two questions upon which, it seems to me, you would be wise to concentrate your attention are, first, has the time come when we—and by 'we' I mean this country and its Nato allies, for it is not an occasion when we can afford to play the hand alone—should make a real effort to break the present impasse? Or is it more to our advantage to maintain the existing situation, including the division of Germany? And, secondly, if we do decide to make the effort, how is Germany to be fitted into the new layout of Europe that we have in mind? If in discussing what is commonly referred to as disengagement the witnesses have not dealt with methods of achieving that object, it is not because they have evaded or overlooked that aspect but because it will find its place in a later programme.

Of those who have addressed you tonight, Mr. Bullock takes the view that the *status quo* has such solid merit for the West, from the security angle, that there is little prospect of any immediate attempt to end it, even though its preservation means the continuance of Communist domination over the peoples behind the Iron Curtain. He holds that the fact that Germany is divided is unlikely, by itself, to move the West into action, especially action which might involve risk of war; but at the same time he considers that the *status quo* cannot last, and that it will be destroyed by progressive developments in military science which will result in the evacuation of Europe by American forces, in order to defend the American homeland from American soil. He is anxious that when that, in his view inescapable, moment does come, the West shall be in the position of having struck a bargain whereby Russian forces are also withdrawn behind their own frontiers.

On this point the Air Chief Marshal warns against the error of over-estimating the degree of defencelessness against even the most powerful and novel weapon, and emphasises the continued need for a trip-wire of conventional forces and weapons if we are not to hand to the Russians the whole of Western Europe on a plate.

Mr. Joll, on the other hand, sees few benefits to be derived from the present situation, and has no great opinion of the efficacy of Nato. Like Mr. Bullock, he sees little chance, in present conditions, of any help being given to the oppressed countries of Eastern Europe. He thinks that there is no prospect of, and indeed perhaps little real desire for, the reunification of Germany, and that it would be worth our while to pull out of Western Germany altogether if the Russians could be induced to give up, in exchange, their grip on anyhow some of the countries of Eastern Europe. In order to achieve that end he is prepared to see some far-reaching concessions made. Like Mr. Midgley he looks to a Germany freed from formal attachment to either one of the rival blocs, as the best hope; and he even approaches the idea of a divided and demilitarised Germany. He does, however, agree that his solution would scarcely be acclaimed by Dr. Adenauer, whom he regards as exercising a hypnotic influence upon the West.

The Air Chief Marshal agrees that any disengagement would involve far-reaching concessions, which he does not rigidly rule out, but he pleads for very careful thought and for a full exposition to the public of the military issues involved before a final decision is made.

Mr. Midgley is not so much concerned with a short-term plan of campaign. In his judgement we should concentrate on our long-term requirements and the length to which we are prepared to go to obtain them. He wishes to see a free and prosperous Germany, united and on the Western side of the Iron Curtain, but outside Nato. He acknowledges that such a policy assumes a readiness on the part of the West to accept a powerful armed Germany as an independent force on the European stage, but he sees the best prospects of relaxing tension in adjusting our minds to such a radical reshaping of the position.

Lord Strang will have none of this giving way or giving away. He is opposed to changing abruptly the *status quo* in which he sees the most effective protection that the West has achieved. Nato is the sheet-anchor. He is therefore against any present shifting of territorial boundaries. He is greatly disturbed by all the talk of 'pretty far-reaching concessions', and warns against a repetition of the pre-war policy of appeasement. We must hold the position for the present and search patiently for specific points of agreement. Communism has not abandoned its objectives. In his view the Russian purpose is to scare the West into making concessions out of all proportion to anything that they are ready to offer in return. He is afraid that the Russians may succeed, by sheer weight of propaganda, in producing a mood in this country in which people place their desire to feel more comfortable about their own personal security above their duty to put national security first. The right way round, in his view, is first to relax tension and only then to talk about disengagement; and he believes that any first steps towards an accord should be directed, for the present, towards the sphere of disarmament.

I have now reached my target for tonight. I have tried to touch, of necessity in a highly compressed form, upon at least the main features of the evidence. You will probably wish, on your part, to come to no more than an interim conclusion upon it, at this stage, reserving your final verdict for the end of the series as a whole.—*Home Service*

'Regulation, limitation, and balanced reduction of all armed forces and all armaments' is part of the formal title under which each year the General Assembly of the United Nations considers the disarmament problem. Some of the approaches and decisions taken at the twelfth session are included in a reprint from the *United Nations Review* published under the title *Disarmament and the United Nations: An Unremitting Effort* (price 1s. 9d., obtainable from H.M. Stationery Office, P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1).

The Tasks of Government was the subject of the inaugural lecture given by Dr. Max Beloff, Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration at Oxford last week. It has been published by the Clarendon Press, price 2s. 6d.

An Asian on Asia: Unfinished Revolution

The last of three talks by LEON MARIA GUERRERO

THE personality cult and the urgent need for economic development, with which I dealt in my two previous talks*, are only two illustrations of Asia's unfinished revolution, by which I mean not only that many Asian and African countries feel that their independence is incomplete until they can get rid of foreign bases and a colonial economy, but, what is more important, that they will not be satisfied until they have caught up with the rest of the civilised world. Sovereignty in Asia is only the beginning of a vast and complicated process; it is as if you compressed half of Europe's history into one or two decades: the break-up of the Roman empire, the overthrow of the feudal system, the Renaissance, the Reformation's challenge to established religion, the French and American Revolutions, the disruption of the social and economic system in the Industrial Revolution, in some cases the class war of the Russian Revolution—and all this under pressure of the Cold War.

The Use of Independence

There are those in the West who cannot see beyond the beginning of this revolution, and still blame all of Asia's troubles on the disappearance of imperial authorities imposing sophisticated standards of law and order on an incoherent multitude of peoples; but those who have learned to look forward are often genuinely puzzled by what the new Asian nations are trying to do with their independence.

In the best cases the answer is that they are trying to become modern states, and to rid themselves of imprisoning institutions like feudalism. I think it is fair to say that European colonialism seldom did anything to change the feudal system of land tenure in most of Asia, except to curb its more obvious excesses. Today liberal opinion in Europe and America is conscious of Asian feudalism, and is often more insistent on its overthrow than even some Asian governments; but European colonial authorities in their day did not want to make trouble for themselves by interfering with feudalism. It served their purposes too well: it made for a stable traditional society in which they could do business conveniently with the sheikh or the rajah or the cacique; he could be bribed, bullied, flattered, advised, and there was an end to it. But the new Asian nation aspiring to democracy must necessarily consider feudalism a dangerous anachronism. Of course, in some countries feudalism either controls or is the government, whose purpose therefore is to maintain the existing order as long as possible; at the other extreme, Communist China is liquidating feudalism by the simple methods of complete state control.

Asian states, however, which are neither feudal nor communist, have a far more difficult problem. In most cases they have democratic constitutions which do not allow confiscation of private property. In my own country, for example, the Constitution, which calls for the expropriation of large landed estates for redistribution among the peasants, prohibits nevertheless the expropriation of private property without due compensation. But few Asian governments, certainly not my own, have ever had, or are likely to have, enough money to buy out feudalism.

Dealing with the Landlords

The great landlord can sometimes be persuaded to give away his possessions in a biblical spirit, an approach which, oddly enough, has been used more successfully by the disciples of Gandhi in India than by priests and preachers in Christian countries. More often the landlord can be frightened away; in the Philippines, for instance, the Communist-led peasant rebellion after the war made many landlords sell out. The landlord can also be encouraged to shift his wealth to the development of new industries; that is in fact one of the reasons why some Asian countries undertake industrialisation programmes; but the feudal mind usually fears the hazards of business and prefers the smaller

profits with which he is familiar. In any case, a socialist government would see scarcely any improvement in turning a landlord into a capitalist.

It would seem therefore that the task of making a modern state in Asia by democratic methods is not easy; more so when it is further complicated by religion. One could go back to Europe's religious wars and still not find anything comparable to the cataclysm that divided India and Pakistan. One feels the spirit of the Reformation and the counter-Reformation in the determined secularisation of the state by Mr. Nehru and Mr. Soekarno; and, on the other hand, in the proclamation of an Islamic Republic in Pakistan and the unrelenting effort to do the same by the Muslim parties in Indonesia. Arab nationalism has a very strong religious content, as both Mr. Dulles and Mr. Khrushchev seemed to realise in their competitive appeals recently; and even the gentler Buddhist creed did not prevent its monks and itinerant friars from deciding the elections in Ceylon.

The Anglo-Americans and the Scandinavians, who have long since ceased to be troubled by the religious passions, would probably find it hard to understand the political importance of religion in Asia; but a Latin-European and a Latin-American can still feel its power in the Christian-Democrat parties of western Europe, the established Churches of Spain, Portugal, and Italy, and the decisive intervention of the hierarchy in Argentina and Venezuela. I do not think it is carrying the parallel too far to say that Mr. Soekarno's defiance of the Muslim parties weakened him in the same way that the attack on the Church weakened Colonel Perón and General Perez Jimenez.

Campaign against Untouchability

I do not want to give the impression that organised religion is an enemy of progress. The secularisation of the state as a means of fostering toleration and in this way avoiding religious wars may be debatable, at least to Roman Catholics; but I think there is a case to be made for secularisation where, as in some countries of Asia, religion ordained or sanctioned social discriminations incompatible with democracy. Perhaps the stratification of Indian society is the classic example; the heroic campaign against the dogma of untouchability has been made not only for the best spiritual reasons but also for the very definite political purpose of making India into a modern democracy. It was just as important that a pariah should be able to use the same polling booth as a brahmin as that the autocratic maharajahs should be turned into state governors on a subsidy; equal votes for all would have been meaningless otherwise.

It is this atmosphere of experiment which makes political progress in Asia so uncertain and so interesting. I am sure that the founding fathers of the United States or the authors of the Reform Bill would not have dared to (and as a matter of fact did not) give a vote to every man without counting his property or asking him to read and write; but this has been done in India and Indonesia. Perhaps that is why in other Asian countries the political revolution remains incomplete; their governments have either postponed national elections or sought to balance and restrain the elected representatives in their parliaments with appointed members.

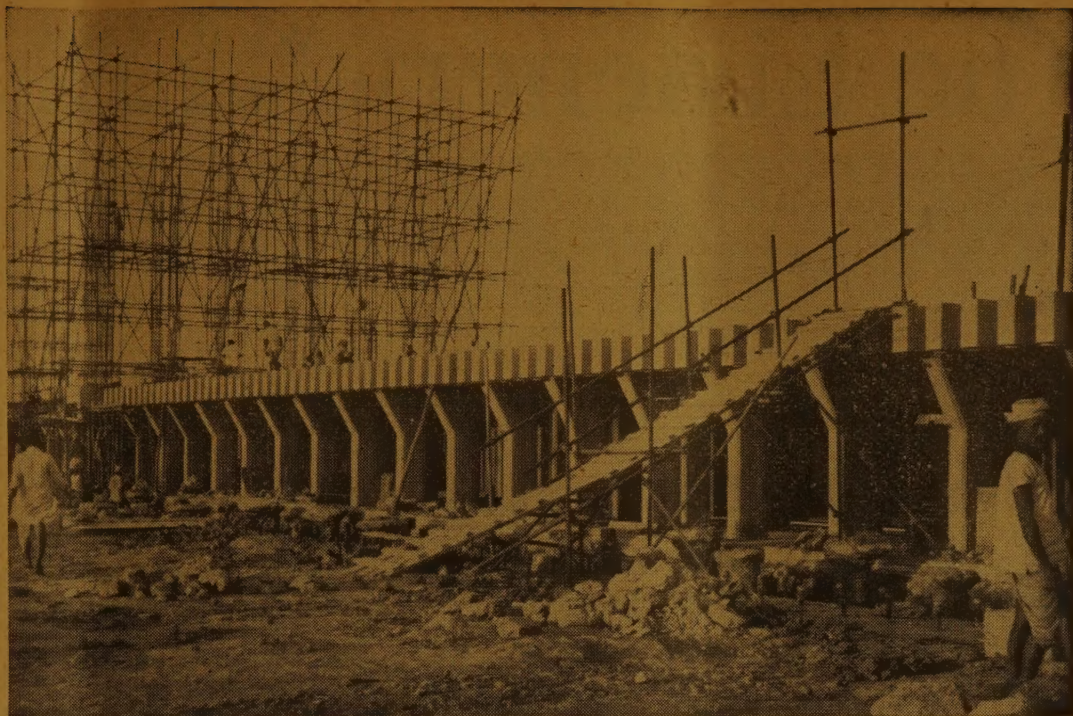
It is, after all, a grave risk to give the same kind of universal suffrage—attained in the most advanced Western countries only after a slow series of experimental concessions—to a population that is mostly illiterate, susceptible to religious passions, desperately poor, sanguine with expectations, and thus an easy prey for demagoguery and corruption. It has worked sometimes; occasionally it has not; but surely no one in the West will say that the risk was not worth taking, and that no election is better than a bad election. Asians cannot learn self-government from others; they must work it out themselves.

But for some reason it is difficult for both East and West to believe this. Americans, Russians, and Europeans profess that their particular system is not for export, but in fact they behave as if it were. Mao Tse-tung has achieved his present stature in the Communist part of the world precisely because he resisted the application of Russian theory to China where the peasants produced the revolution and not the industrial proletariat. Yet I do not doubt that Mao Tse-tung is still bothered with advice from the Kremlin in the same way that non-communist Asian countries are continually reproached by the West for not doing things the American, British, or French way.

In fact, as Bertrand Russell has pointed out, it is 'scientific technique' that 'the East regards as important and distinctive in the West' and it is 'this alone that the East is willing to learn from the West'. I am sorry that so few Western statesmen realise this. For the whole of Asia's renaissance, reformation, and political revolution ultimately depend on making life more bearable for millions of Asians by the application of Western scientific technique. Only with that technique, which Asians did not develop and mostly still do not possess, can they meet their essential needs.

I wonder if even all Asians understand and realise this; though I believe most responsible Asian governments do; and this explains why they never have the objections to technical assistance that they often have to certain forms of economic aid or to military guarantees or collective security systems. It also explains why almost every Asian and African country sends missions to search Europe for technical experts in almost every field of human activity.

The technical assistance and training programmes under the Colombo Plan, the generosity of the Scandinavian countries in developing fishing industries, the peaceful competition among British, Germans, and Russians in building steel mills for India,



Work in progress on the steelworks being built by the British at Durgapur, India

above all the setting up of a nuclear reactor there and the American offer to establish a nuclear research centre somewhere in Asia under the atoms-for-peace plan, are hopeful signs of a healthier approach to the Asian revolution.

The well-intentioned West would do better for itself and for Asia if it were to recognise the limitations of the political, military, moral or even psychological solutions which it presses upon us. They may be useful in the present circumstances, even necessary: no government can work without trained and honest officials or be harassed by subversion and the threat of aggression. But the problem of spreading to Asia the full benefits of Western civilisation will not be solved by democratic elections alone, or with an efficient civil service; the problem cannot be hidden under the shield of a defensive military system, nor will it disappear upon a moral abjuration of Communism. Asians may be neutralists, pacifists, nationalists prejudiced against the West or nationalists afraid of Communism; these attitudes of mind will not really bring them any closer to their goal if they lack the scientific technique which can turn poverty into plenty.

Indeed the great appeal of Communism in Asia is that it claims to be able to abolish poverty scientifically; and most Asians looked upon the Sputnik not as the pioneer of the space age but as proof of Russia's superior technological capacity to help Asians and show them the way. Why should an Asian peasant who does not even have a good road to the next village want to travel to the moon? Nuclear power does not mean bigger and better bombs in Asia; it is the best hope of peaceful progress and development for people few of whom have ever enjoyed the help of electricity. For the future of Asia, Zeta is surely more significant than the Sputnik or Explorer.

The West knows from its own experience that one revolution merely prepares the way for the next one: one is the condition for the other. Asia, going through all of them together, cannot stop midway at the Reformation or the American Revolution; it must finish the process as we know it from history. Whether or not the revolution will ever be finished in Asia, or anywhere else in the world, is another question.—*Third Programme*



In a junior technical school in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya: young plumbers being trained under the Colombo Plan

The Geographical Magazine for February (2s. 6d.) includes an interesting illustrated article by Montague Weekly on 'Constable's Hampstead'.

The Listener

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Plea for Sympathy

PROFESSOR HUGH TREVOR-ROPER, in a broadcast talk which is printed on another page, puts forward a plea for using the imagination in the writing of history. He points out that some historians in writing about their own times, like Thucydides and Clarendon—and he might have added Sir Winston Churchill—have not needed this gift; other great historians have exemplified the saying that ‘all history is contemporary history’ in that they have interpreted the events of the past in terms of their own lives rather than in terms of the lives of the characters whom they describe. It is suggested by Professor Trevor-Roper that so much valuable material, at any rate for the study of relatively modern history, has been accumulated by the scientific researches of the last three or four generations that the present-day historian is in a peculiarly favourable position to exercise his imagination and write about the minds of his ancestors with sympathy and understanding.

Of course this is not as easy as it sounds. Or perhaps it might be argued that in one way it is easy and in another difficult. For while it is true that the political atmosphere and social concepts change from century to century and from country to country, the passions, the appetites, the emotions and the instincts of human beings change comparatively little. Psychology has taught us that beneath the veneer of civilisation or of good manners the old Adam remains. Thus it should be possible, in theory, for the sympathetic historian to place a realistic gloss upon his documents and fish up human motives from the muddy streams of academic documentation. The trouble is that professional historians are not trained psychologists nor necessarily men of the world. The greatest historians have often been men like Voltaire or Macaulay who themselves moved in society, experienced deep human emotions, and knew enough about life to understand the motives that guide public men. The average university historian, whose time is occupied largely in examining and teaching, in reading his trade journals, in reviewing the books of his colleagues, in attending meetings and congresses, and perhaps in supplementing his income by hack work, does not usually enjoy either the leisure or the experience to project his imagination sympathetically over the past.

Again it is extremely tricky to assess people's motives. To impute bad motives to other people is precisely what we were told not to do when we were children; and when we do it as grown-ups we often discover later that we were quite wrong. Professor Trevor-Roper himself is the author of a couple of celebrated articles in which he imputes some extremely curious motives to the Puritan group which was the driving force behind the English Civil War. Other historians have found it impossible to accept his interpretation and, also on the basis of documents, have offered equally plausible explanations of these Puritans' motives. If men have left behind them memoirs or autobiographies, such forms of historical material (which used to be somewhat despised as factually misleading) can certainly be employed (as can also private letters and speeches) to throw light upon men's motives. But to fill in gaps in knowledge imaginatively requires a high degree of self-confidence, and one may hazard the guess that few historians are capable of doing it accurately.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Rapacki plan

THE POLISH MEMORANDUM addressed to various countries in East and West, calling for international negotiations on the Rapacki plan for an atom-free zone, kept the subject of East-West negotiations to the fore in broadcast commentaries. On February 19 a Soviet official declaration said the Soviet Government was ready to respect the status of a nuclear-free zone in central Europe provided the Western Powers did likewise.

On February 20, Moscow radio broadcast a speech by the Soviet Defence Minister, Marshal Malinovsky, on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the Soviet Armed Forces. He said that new Soviet weapons included a super long-range rocket capable of carrying hydrogen charges to any point of the world, and that the Soviet army, navy, and air force were equipped to deal ‘mighty blows’.

A Moscow home broadcast said that the Western Powers, because of ‘pressure from public opinion’, were unable to ignore the Rapacki plan or reject it out of hand. They had therefore tried to ‘torpedo’ it by raising such objections as the question of adequate controls. The new Polish memorandum supplied a complete answer and could serve as a pilot plan for the control of wider disarmament proposals. The U.S.S.R. and other ‘Socialist’ countries had clearly stated their favourable attitude: it was now up to the Western Powers. A Moscow broadcast, quoting *Izvestia*, said that the British White Paper on defence was, ‘to say the least, a strange method of preparing a favourable atmosphere’ for a summit conference:

It is clear that transatlantic circles are exerting more and more pressure on Britain, requiring the rapid disposition of U.S. rocket installations on British soil. Even the Bible . . . states: ‘You cannot serve God and Mammon’. It is time that one understood that today one cannot speak of peace and at the same time inflame war psychosis.

The part of the White Paper to which exception was taken in particular was what Moscow radio described as ‘an entirely new principle’—that

in the event of an armed conflict the Western Powers will use strategic atomic weapons even if the Soviet Union uses only conventional armed forces

The broadcast added:

Against this background the admission of the necessity of East-West talks and of taking measures to relax international tension sounds distinctly strange. It is self-evident that real peace cannot be ensured by rattling the H-bomb.

A Warsaw broadcast in English, referring to the ‘tendentious’ argument that the Rapacki plan would weaken the West without any military compensations, claimed that it was based on mutual concessions and favoured neither side. A Polish home broadcast stressed that the memorandum left ‘completely open’ the procedure for setting up a control system. It also took account of criticisms raised and reflected a desire for compromise. A Prague broadcast stressed that the Polish memorandum had sought to ‘neutralise’ Bonn's reluctance to negotiate with East Germany by proposing unilateral declarations and suggesting the ‘realistic’ approach that members of the control agencies might be delegated as individuals rather than as representatives of their country.

The *Westdeutscher Allgemeine Zeitung*, quoted from West Germany, commented:

The fear that the Rapacki plan will not overcome, but perpetuate, the *status quo* in regard to the German question is confirmed by the Gomulka interview in *The Times*. It is now the task of the West to counter the Rapacki plan with better proposals or to see that the plan is put back into a larger frame: that is, a thinned-out zone must serve general disarmament and not bar the way to German reunification.

From the United States *The New York Times* was quoted as describing the Rapacki plan as suicidal, as it would deprive the Nato forces in Germany of all tactical nuclear weapons, leaving them sitting ducks for a Soviet attack. The result could only be a Western withdrawal from Germany and this, for the United States and Britain, would mean a withdrawal from the European continent.

Did You Hear That?

THE BALLET SCHOOL IN WARSAW

WARSAW STILL SHOWS the extensive destruction of the war and despite a great effort of rebuilding it will be many years before the new city is completed, but the new Opera Ballet School is already finished and working. GUY HADLEY, B.B.C. correspondent, spoke about it in 'Today'.

'The main feature of this Opera Ballet School in Warsaw', he said, 'is that it provides a complete education lasting nine years as well as its ballet training. The children are admitted at nine years of age and stay till eighteen. The staff numbers thirty professors and teachers, covering all the normal school subjects as well as ballet, but no political instruction is given.'

'What struck me most was the way this new building blends a spirit of Polish tradition with the most up-to-date equipment and methods. The small entrance hall, for example, somehow combines its marble columns and white vaulted ceiling with a feeling of intimacy, even gaiety and professional hard work. I went upstairs to the floor reserved for ballet classes and there I saw the pupils practising in one large room after another, from children of ten to the senior class conducted by the artistic director, Leon Wojcikowski, who won fame under Diaghilev.'

'On the floor below were all the usual school classrooms, light and airy, but unusually well equipped: a modern physics laboratory, a rest-room and canteen, a medical centre with a nurse, and a dentist's room. In one room the future ballet dancers studied music and also make-up at a series of mirrors and dressing-tables lining the walls, while they studied lighting effects on a specially installed control panel. The school also has its own charming little theatre, and throughout the school a great deal of acoustic panelling has been fitted, so the sounds of a practice class cannot be heard in the corridor.'

'There are 200 children. Most of them are from Warsaw and live at home, but forty pupils from the provinces live on the premises. I was told that only about half the girls finally emerge as ballet dancers, partly because of the physical strain'.

ON WATCHING WATERFALLS

'Round about February', said R. H. STOCKTON in 'The North-countryman', 'we watchers of waterfalls begin to listen hopefully for forecasts of bad weather, for without a good deal of rain



High Force Falls, Middleton-in-Teesdale

most English waterfalls scarcely count. Serious waterfall-watching is still in its infancy and a great deal of comparative research has yet to be done. This prevents my quoting exciting figures of flow in gallons per minute, as they do at Niagara, but it does allow plenty of enjoyable boasting.

'The Lake District has scores of waterfalls, and after a decent rainstorm they show up for miles on the dark skin of the mountains. There seem to be a great many called Sour Milk Ghyll, which is descriptive but confusing. So perhaps we should begin with a waterfall which people especially go to see, like Lodore in Borrowdale. Lodore is always exquisitely pretty, but prettiness is the last thing a connoisseur looks for—he wants the water when it has gone stark, raving mad in vast quantities, and he must not mind how far he has to go to get it.'

'To reach the lonely cataract of Cauldron Snout, for instance, you have to chase the infant River Tees backwards to Dufton Fell, high in the Pennines, and do a lot of tramping. On the other hand Kinder Downfall, which pours in steps off The Peak, you can see from Stockport—ten miles away—when the stream is in spate and the air is clear, which it hardly ever is. Hawes, at the head of Wensleydale, does better with a picture-postcard fall almost on its doorstep. This is Hardraw Force, a tall, slim, translucent column in dry summer, and a rowdy, satisfying spout after snow or heavy rain.'

'But for the great spectacles you have to go to the places where real rivers lose their senses when they get overproud with rain—like Aysgarth, where a steep, winding road leads to a dress-circle view of the River Ure lashing itself down to the plain of York. Plenty of people go to Aysgarth in summer—our off season—but they should see what happens when the Ure is thoroughly roused.'

'I suppose the classic English waterfall is High Force, near Middleton-in-Teesdale. Even a sheer sixty feet would not go far towards the world record, but High Force has *panache*. You are in a rock basin, and if the weather is perfect, with high water and rain in a murk of low cloud, it is a place fit for the very gods of storm.'



Aysgarth—the lower falls

Photographs: F. Frith

'But even High Force has been made to look comparatively small. Twice in recorded history water has flooded from Malham Tarn, in Craven, over the top of the limestone cliff called the Cove. That is an affair of 280 feet and something worth waiting for if, indeed, it ever happens again. Meanwhile, make do with the crag-shut cascade in nearby Gordale, another place worth having a look at in rain or shine'.

WHEN A NAME'S TABU

'When I was taking on my first gang of Native labour in New Guinea', said EVELYN CHEESMAN in a talk in the Home Service, 'I learnt at once that great caution was needed in writing their names on a list. One boss boy stopped me with something like consternation on his face: I must not put that name down on paper. I realised it had been a serious mistake, mercifully averted. But only later I learnt the intrinsic meaning of a name to its owner. It was the boy's brother who had used that name, but that was an intimate family name that I had accidentally overheard—it was a name that only his family might utter. Even near relatives or friends may not use a name which is the exclusive right of parents or of brothers and sisters.'

'I avoided such pitfalls after that. With pencil poised I would ask (even when a name had been given to me): "May I write this name?" With some Bush tribes I might be given another name instead which could be written without risk to its owner. Writing a name made it vulnerable, as it were, to other white persons who mysteriously could obtain this precious name merely by glancing at that piece of paper. There was often discussion before it was decided that I could write it down.'

'Not even my boss boy could make this decision. Once there was much delay when a boy I had hired returned to fetch something from his village. My boss boy knew two of his names, but neither of these names must be uttered in my presence. They were not to be used by white people. He consulted other boys, and by their advice a message was relayed at the tops of their voices to a woman working in a distant garden. She was a remote relation and had the right to pronounce a third name; but she was emphatic that I must not use that one. My list could not be completed until the boy returned. Only he could settle which of all these names might safely be written. He rejected them all. But he invented one on the spot, Katamba, the Malay word for cucumber.'

'These people change their names often, which can be still more confusing. When small boys go through the ceremonies by which they are initiated into their tribe and become men, they are given fresh names. That, one can understand. The new status makes of them new individuals. Other events may lead to the adoption of another name, especially—it seemed to me—after an accident. That made me wonder whether they thought that the evil influence which had caused the accident—for no accident is thought to be due to natural causes—might not recognise them under a new name. One Native name recorded that a house had fallen on the owner while he was building it. Not an event to be proud of, one would think, but it was his survival which was commemorated. He had triumphed over the evil influence.'

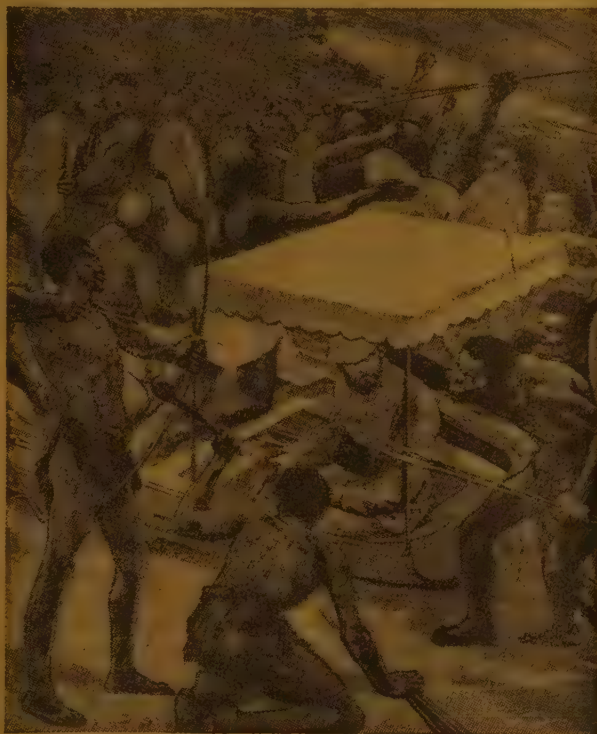
'One tragedy that I heard of was connected with the misuse of an intimate family name. It was no tragedy to the Papuans who related the occurrence before a Native police court. They regarded it dispassionately as the inevitable result of a tabu being broken. A man had been brought before that court charged with the murder of his wife. The magistrate learnt from witnesses

that the man had lost his temper with her and had attacked her with an axe and killed her. When the case was being investigated it transpired that the man's brother had been present but had made no attempt to rescue her.

'He was asked: "Why didn't you stop it? How could you stand there and watch this woman being killed before your eyes?" The answer was that he could not go to her help because in her distress she cried to him using the intimate family name which is even tabu to the wife. By answering her call he would have acceded to the breaking of a tabu, which is, of course, an extremely serious matter. It was of less importance to allow her to be murdered'.

AFRICANS WHO REMEMBER STANLEY

RICHARD STANLEY, the grandson of the famous explorer, Sir Henry Morton Stanley, has returned home after crossing Africa in his grandfather's footsteps. He spoke about his expedition in 'The



Contemporary engraving of Stanley being attacked by Africans at Bumbire Island, Lake Victoria

Eye-witness'. 'We met a number of Africans who actually remembered Stanley', he said. 'One of them told us how he saw the great explorer rowing down the Congo river. The Africans travelled in canoes facing the bows, and they could not understand how Stanley could see where he was going until an old African woman said that the white man in the boat must be some sort of God.'

'We, like Stanley, started from a place called Bagamoyo, a rather tumbledown Arab village on the coast of Tanganyika. This is a country of elephant grass and impenetrable bush flanked by a range of mountains rearing to some 7,000 feet, and as rugged as the Snowdon range. On his journey Stanley wrote about these mountains, but he did not mention the town of Morogoro for the simple reason that it was not there in his time. However, it was there that we met an old African who actually remembered meeting my grandfather. He told us that Stanley was the second white man he had seen—the second because Livingstone had passed through only two years previously.'

'On another leg of our journey we were shown part of the causeway that Stanley built to an island in Lake Victoria—a tangible link with the explorer. It was not until we reached an island called Bumbire that we caught up with Stanley again. It was here that he fought one of the many battles during his remarkable journey. He wanted to land there, but the local Africans had not seen a white man before and they started to beat the war drums. I met one old fellow who remembered actually hearing those war drums that day in 1875. He told me how, when he was a little boy, he watched the local warriors pick up their weapons in answer to that summons and go to battle. But Stanley's party was well armed and Stanley's party won.'

'It was almost with the sound of those long, silent drums in our ears that we turned along the next leg of my grandfather's monumental journey, to a place called Kigoma on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. It was here that the memorable meeting took place between Stanley and Livingstone during his first journey across Africa. On his record journey, Stanley travelled down the Lualaba river by dugout canoe. We followed in his wake down a series of rapids covering about eighty miles and they were pretty hair-raising in some places. About another hundred miles farther, we stopped at the little African village of Bumba. It was here that we came across further tangible evidence of Stanley's journey—two white beads. They were worn by an old African chief and he showed them to us with great pride, saying that they were given to his father by Stanley himself'.

Historical Imagination

By HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

I SUPPOSE there are two ingredients in the writing of history: historical science and historical imagination. It is perfectly easy to define historical science, or at least to offer a definition of it. It is the science of collecting, arranging, interpreting, and publishing the evidence of history, and so establishing 'what actually happened'. This is an important task, and it is also an essential task: a historian who thinks he can dispense with it does not deserve the name of historian; and we should not cease to respect the great historical scientists of the last century who really did their work so thoroughly that, often, it need not be done again. But the fact remains that this is not the whole of history, and people nowadays recognise that it is not.

Giving Life to Dead Facts

We do not now say, as Dr. Johnson said, that a historian needs nothing but his scientific training, and that, therefore, in historical composition 'all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent'. To Dr. Johnson, all that a historian needed was 'some penetration, accuracy and colouring' and the right amount of 'application': 'imagination', he said, 'is not required in any high degree—only about as much as is used in the lower kind of poetry'. Johnson could adopt this attitude in the eighteenth century because there was still so much to be done in the mere compilation of history: he wrote before Ranke and his disciples had done their great work. But now that that is done, and the facts of history are established and easily available, we naturally ask for something else. Why should we spend our lives, which are so short, in merely catching up with the events of a small section—we can only manage a small section—of the past; and perhaps finding it dull, without even being sure that it is right? If the facts of history are to be given life and meaning to us, we now require not merely accurate presentation but significant presentation; and that significant presentation requires in the historian another gift, the gift which I call historical imagination.

How can we define historical imagination? Any form of imagination is always hard to define. Perhaps we may begin by exclusion. To some people historical imagination consists in decorating the past with colourful detail. Robert Louis Stevenson called this 'tushery'. He applied this word to the historical novels of his day in which medieval people were represented as ordinary Victorian characters, pursuing ordinary Victorian aims, but underneath a picturesque fancy dress, and punctuating their remarks with such words as 'tush', 'marry', 'zounds', etc. Sir Walter Scott, who had a marvellous historical imagination when he wrote of seventeenth-century Scotland—what wonderful books *Guy Mannering* and *Old Mortality* are, they have the real spirit of the time and place—wrote tushery-novels about the Middle Ages: dismal stuff like *Ivanhoe* or *Quentin Durward*. Sometimes I think that Motley's *Revolt of the Netherlands* is not much better. His facts are good enough, but his characters are not sixteenth-century characters at all: they are Victorian dummies, with Victorian prejudices, made bogusly picturesque with ruffs and doublets. That is not what I mean by historical imagination.

To me historical imagination means the art not of making the past picturesque and remote from ourselves, like a castle-pageant, but of making it fully intelligible to us by enabling us to enter, as it were, into the minds and passions of people who, in some ways, seem very different from us. For, in some ways, the past is enormously different from the present—far more different than we think—and at the same time, in other ways, where it may superficially seem different, it is very similar. The elements in men's minds were often exactly the same as in ours, and yet the patterns into which they were arranged, and in which they became fixed, were often quite different. But how are we to know about this across the great gulf of centuries? The mind of the past is

like a prism of which we see only the refracted light—light which has often issued out of hidden events. We may know the recorded events, or some of them—historical science may have revealed them—and we may see the refracted light or some of it—the casually placed photographic plate of literature or art may have caught and preserved its image; but we do not know about the prism. It has perished. How then are we to deduce cause and effect? How are we to know which event cast which beam, when one is hidden in the mass of other events and the other is so distorted? How are we to know what beam would have been cast by another, hypothetical event? If we suppose that men's minds in, say, the thirteenth century were similar to ours, we may be hopelessly wrong, not in our statement of facts, nor in our recording of impressions—historical science can take care of those—but in our understanding of motive, possibility, choice, and the hundred living human dilemmas which, rather than dead facts, or mere circumstances, or erroneous antiquated opinions, are the real living substance of history. To me the function of historical imagination is to penetrate the minds, the strange and complicated minds, sometimes even the barbarous, repellent minds, of remote centuries, in order not merely to retrace the routine of human behaviour, the old ruts and tracks of past events, but to understand the springs and compulsions, the dilemmas and predicaments, the genius and folly of the human decisions that made that behaviour.

To do this we need imagination: science will not do it for us; for we must understand, or try to understand, not what is in the documents of history but what lies behind them. We must try to breathe the atmosphere of a past age, understand its unspoken premises, feel in our own minds that significant but elusive deposit which experience leaves in the minds of any particular generation. That deposit is significant because it is active, or can be active: it is not merely a background, it can be a yeast, fermenting in men's minds and creating, not merely reflecting, events. At the same time it is elusive—elusive to us because it is taken for granted by contemporaries, who therefore seldom describe it. Why should they? They are not writing for us, but for each other, for their contemporaries who take it for granted, too. And so it does not get into the official documents, which are often the only records which survive, or at least the only records which historians use. It has to be deduced from other sources, from other documents, which 'straight' historians think irrelevant, from the assumptions of preachers, the symbolism of art, even from silence: and such deduction requires not mere historical science but sympathetic imagination.

Behind the Documents

Perhaps I may give an example of what I mean. Anyone of my generation was deeply, perhaps permanently, affected by the events of the nineteen-thirties—mass unemployment, the rise of fascism, the Spanish Civil War, the seemingly irresistible triumphs of those terrible new dictatorships which had suddenly risen, like monsters from the past, in this hitherto civilised continent. To us all this is clear and vivid still, and we know how we felt then, and why we acted as we did, and we can understand why (for instance) the Munich Agreement—whether one agreed or disagreed with it—was not merely a political arrangement, good or bad, but a moral experience. But how can we possibly convey the force of that experience, which was after all a historical determinant—we get our history wrong if we do not account for it—to younger people, people who did not live through it, people who now study only the documents, English and German, published by the Foreign Office, documents which necessarily contain none of that electrical, moral atmosphere, because they were written by demure civil servants in an official jargon specially devised to seem reasonable and to exclude all trace or incentive

of passion? Recently I saw a film of Nazi Germany which brought all those emotions back. Suddenly, behind the cool official documents which are the settled historical residue of that age, I saw again, what can never come out of those documents—the fanaticism, the barbaric ceremonial, the mass-hypnosis, the hysteria, the mystical devotion which made nazism so terrible to us; and I reflected that at least, for the nineteen-thirties, we have films which can recreate for us this necessary extra dimension. For the French Revolution, or the English Puritan Revolution, or the Reformation, or the Middle Ages, or Antiquity we have no such visual aid; we have only the documents. And yet, if we are to understand those ages we need that extra dimension. We must seek it therefore by an effort of the imagination.

Tacitus and Gibbon

Yet here I see an objection. When we come to think of it, there are many great historians who have lacked this imagination. Think of Tacitus. He wrote in a settled age, about events which occurred, in the main, just before his time. He wrote with marvellous psychological insight and in a style of brilliant irony and clarity. He is surely one of the greatest of all historians. Yet we do not feel that he gives us, or even tries to give us, the atmosphere of the age of Tiberius or Nero: he reflects the olympian, satisfied, magisterial age of Nero and Trajan, not so much understanding as passing judgement on its predecessor.

Or take Gibbon. What a wonderful historian Gibbon was! I never read him without admiring his profundity, his wit, his elevation of mind, and that 'grave and temperate irony' which he claimed to have learned from Pascal. Yet, when one comes to think of it, Gibbon never transports himself, or us, out of western Europe or the eighteenth century. He never even visited half the countries about which he wrote, never looked on Constantinople, whose history he carried through eleven centuries. His emperors are enlightened (or unenlightened) despots of his own time; his clergy are the latitudinarian Anglicans of Hanoverian London—Synesius of Ptolemais is to him a kind of Bishop Hoadly—or superstitious friars of eighteenth-century Rome, or fanatical hedge-priests of eighteenth-century Ireland. His barbarians are noble savages whose leaders are superficially polished and bewigged for metropolitan society. We never feel that we understand why, in those early centuries, men fled into the Egyptian desert or groped after new and abject superstitions; we never feel that we understand how a thoughtful pagan considered the problems of Christianity and barbarism around him; we never really inhabit the mind of Rome or Ravenna or Byzantium: we inhabit—that is why we enjoy him so much—the mind of the civilised English eighteenth century.

To a lesser extent, the same is true of Macaulay. Macaulay by his vast reading and capacious memory, absorbed a great deal of the atmosphere of the seventeenth century, and he really did understand—from outside—the mechanics of its society. What a splendid chapter that is on the squires and parsons of Restoration England! And yet, also, what gaps there were in his understanding. When in doubt—but Macaulay is never in doubt . . . when we are in doubt, he silences us by imposing on the poor protesting seventeenth century a firm complacent nineteenth-century mentality. Can we really say that a man understood the mental climate of the seventeenth century when he could dismiss one of its great religious figures, Archbishop Laud, as a superstitious old driveller who never said or did anything indicating more than the ordinary capacity of an old woman; and another, George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, as a man too disordered for liberty and not disordered enough for Bedlam?

Thucydides on the Peloponnesian War

This fact—the fact that even the greatest of historians have really recorded more of their own age than of the past—has forced some people to conclude that a historian who wishes to survive should confine himself to contemporary history. This point has been put to me very forcibly by my friend Mr. Gerald Brenan, the author of that great work on the Spanish Civil War. After all, he says, who is interested in Greek history after Thucydides has laid down his pen? Intrinsically, Greek history in the fourth century B.C. is full of interest. What subject could be more

fascinating than the collapse of the Greek cities before the arms of Macedon, and then those marvellous conquests—coinciding with a completely new ideology—of Alexander the Great: that sudden irreversible process—at least it was unreversed until the conquests of Israel—the hellenisation of the East! It is one of the turning-points in world history: it made the Roman Empire possible. And yet no historian, writing about it in a later period, has been able to make it live. We still read about the fifth century, about the wearisome, wasteful, inconclusive, purposeless Peloponnesian War—and we read about it because Thucydides, a contemporary, wrote about it; and Thucydides incidentally, being a contemporary, did not need to make that effort which I have described: the effort of historical imagination.

Thus it can be argued that historical imagination is not really necessary to a great historian: that even the best history can afford to dispense with it. In that case, it can be asked, do we need to value it? Are not Tacitus and Gibbon and Macaulay, the great historians of the past who seem to have lacked it, and Thucydides and Clarendon, the great contemporary historians who have not needed it, good enough for us? Doesn't their wit, their style, their general historical profundity more than compensate us for the absence of this extra dimension of which I have spoken—the capacity to migrate into distant, foreign minds? Why (it may be asked) should we seek to migrate mentally from our own enlightened age into the stunted minds of Desert Fathers or medieval monks or bone-headed barons about whom nobody has ever both written sympathetically and been read with pleasure?

A Migration into Distant Minds

I think that this is a strong objection, and if we could write like Thucydides or Tacitus or Gibbon, I would regard it as a final and conclusive objection. But since we cannot all aim so high, I will still put in a plea for historical imagination as I have defined it. If we write to express a general philosophy, or to display a perfect style—if history, in fact, is merely a vehicle for some other non-historical lesson—than obviously historical imagination is not necessary to it. But if history is a subject of study and is valuable in itself, and has a meaning or a use for us—if, in fact, we admit that there are problems of history whose solution is important even for non-historians—then I think that this difficult act of migration into distant minds, even into uncongenial minds, is necessary. It is necessary because such problems are, I think, otherwise insoluble. I will try to explain what I mean.

Too many historians, as it seems to me, are—though they would not always admit it—determinists. They remove the human mind out of history, not necessarily on purpose, of set philosophy—although some of them do that—but by mere omission, for convenience, or out of indolence. In any given historical situation they study the antecedent facts, and the subject facts, and then they assume that the former led logically to the latter. The great crises of human history, the wasteful wars, the destructive revolutions, the persecutions, the self-immolations, and all that Gibbon called the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind, are all, by this comfortable logic, necessary and unavoidable. Simply because they happened, they had to happen, and we need not waste our time in asking what might have happened if men had been more intelligent, or more conscientious, or more determined—or, for that matter, less intelligent or less conscientious or less determined—at this or that moment of history. What is the use, we are asked, of posing these hypothetical questions? History is the record of what happened, not of what might have happened. Let us keep to our last.

I strongly dissent from this view. It seems to me that a historian is abdicating his function if he not only tamely follows the facts but also unwarrantably assumes that each historical situation was the necessary, unavoidable consequence of its predecessor. It seems to me that the greatest harm, in human affairs, has been caused by what we may call 'inevitabilism'—whether systematic (as in the case of Marxism) or merely indolent. Such a doctrine is not only wrong (I believe it can be proved wrong): it is disastrous. It is disastrous because of its practical result. The practical result of believing that historical events are inevitable is that they do in fact become inevitable, that mankind surrenders

(continued on page 371)

Snapshot War

By GLYN DANIEL

IN August, 1940, I was sitting in a room in Ryder Street in London with some twenty other newly commissioned R.A.F. officers. We are all a little self-conscious in our new uniforms with their thin, light-blue, pilot-officer braid. We all became a little apprehensive, too, as notices were read out posting us—as it seemed to me then—to the ends of the earth. Reykjavik, Singapore, Washington, Colombo, Cairo—the globe turned under the catalogue of these distant names, and the room emptied with the men who were going to be Air Intelligence Officers to Squadrons or Groups or Headquarters in these distant places. Then came the moment when there were only two people left: Bill Wager, who is now Professor of Geology at Oxford, and myself: and, by the way, Wager, whose uniform bore one discreet, chaste ribbon—the Polar Medal—looked as if he might have come to be posted to the Faroes or to Greenland.

The officer who had been despatching the contents of the room round the world seemed to have forgotten us; he snapped his file together and got up to leave with his W.A.A.F. clerk. 'But what about us, sir?' we said.

'Dear me, I do beg your pardon', he said, 'how stupid of me. Of course. You are both going to Wembley'.

'Wembley?' we asked—it seemed such a come-



Aerial photograph of invasion barges assembling at Dunkirk in September, 1940



Peenemünde: the photograph taken in June, 1943, on which V.2 rockets were first recognised. The 'test stand' (enlarged in inset) is the one from which the first successful launching of a V.2 took place

Photographs: Crown copyright

down after the rest of the world. 'What are we going to do there?'

He looked up from his papers; 'You are going to interpret air photographs', he said, and his clerk solemnly made out railway warrants for us. It is the only time in my life that I have been presented with a first-class travel voucher for a journey on the Underground.

We got to Wembley late that afternoon, walked along the North Circular road, under the seven bridges that carry the main line to Scotland, turned up an unsurfaced lane, and there, in a maze of small factories, was our destination, Paduoc House. The name, as I found out later, was invented out of the initials of two organisations that worked there: the Aircraft Operating Company, and the Photographic Development Unit. Much wondering, we went in, and found ourselves in a splendid mad-house of civilians and R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. officers, interpreting air photographs, making photographic mosaics, writing reports, and sending out annotated prints. It was my first introduction to air intelligence and to the military interpretation of air photographs; though, of course, like all professional academic archaeologists, geographers, botanists, geologists, and the like, I had for years been used to studying air photographs for scientific and historical purposes.

What an exciting introduction that was. The next few weeks were among the most thrilling of my life; because, bent over our stereoscopes in this little broken-down factory in north London, we were watching the German preparations for the invasion of Britain. The landing grounds in northern France were being put in order, and, very gradually, like the spreading of a sinister disease over the face of the French coastal landscape, the long thin shapes of barges began to collect in the invasion ports. By mid-August the invasion fleet was ready at Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam: Michael Spender—Stephen Spender's brother and one of the most brilliant interpreters of air photographs in the war—had noticed that five of the 130-foot barges at Rotterdam had modified bows—bows presumably changed for landing tanks and troops. From August 29, as we counted the barges on our photographs of the invasion ports, we could see

what was happening. They were leaving Amsterdam and Antwerp. By September 6 there were 200 in Ostend. Ten days later there were, in addition, 266 in Calais, 200 in Dunkirk, 205 at Le Havre, and 230 at Boulogne. As the reconnaissance pilots flew sorties by day over these invasion ports, and the interpreters in Paduoc House counted their barges feverishly through the long night watches, the Prime Minister said in secret Session in Parliament on September 17: 'At any moment a major assault may be launched upon this island. I now say in secret that upwards of 1,700 self-propelled barges and more than 200 seagoing ships are already gathered at the many invasion ports in German occupation'.

The tension in Paduoc House was terrific. One night, as we were counting this invasion fleet and wondering when it was going to set out, Michael Spender got up angrily from his desk and said to me in his crisp, curt way, which so many people took for deliberate rudeness: 'What bloody use is a stereoscope going to be to us in the next few days? I hope, my dear Daniel, that you are a good shot?'

The Invasion that Did Not Happen

The rest of the story you know. The fighting part of the R.A.F. won the Battle of Britain; the Luftwaffe failed to get the supremacy of the air necessary for the sailing of the invasion fleet; and Operation Sea Lion never took place. And as the intelligence side of the R.A.F. went on counting and studying the barges they were able to confirm that invasion was not going to happen. The barges were shifted or were docked side by side parallel to the quays—the normal position for commercial barges. Many had been bombed and sunk but many remained, and with pleasure and relief we watched them slipping away back up the coast to Antwerp and Amsterdam and Rotterdam. The scare was over. Another invasion of England had not taken place.

I have been thinking of these things recently not only because of Mr. Peter Fleming's book on 'Sea-Lion'* but because of the book published last month from the pen of Miss Constance Babington Smith and called *Evidence in Camera*.† Photographic interpretation was a military profession in which women were certainly the equal of men—I think myself that the W.A.A.F. never did a better job in the war than when crouched over their stereoscopes, plotting photographs, writing reports and making models. Miss Babington Smith, herself one of the most skilled and devoted photographic interpreters of the war, tells in this book—and for the first time—the story of photographic reconnaissance and interpretation in the last war. It is a splendid story of what Marshal of the Royal Air Force the Lord Tedder has called 'the most fascinating aspect of the last war', and although I was myself involved in it for five years, and am therefore a prejudiced witness, I think Tedder is right.

The story of photography in the last war is a spy story—indeed, the American edition of Miss Babington Smith's book is called *Air Spy*—but a spy story with a difference. The spies in this story are pilots like Alan Warburton, Nebby Wheeler, and Shorty Longbottom, who flew hundreds of miles alone in Spitfires at 30,000 feet to bring back photographs of Kiel and Gdynia and Taranto, or who dived with death taking sea-level oblique photographs of the German defences on the French coast. They are the technicians who made the cameras work at high altitudes and who developed machines like the 36-inch focal-length camera which made possible accurate assessment of bomb damage; the men and women who with their rulers and maps and stereoscopes and comparative cover worked day and night all through the war interpreting the photographs.

Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté has said that 'the proper extraction and evaluation of air photographs calls for personnel with the highest academic qualifications who can remain permanently on the job', and we certainly had such people in the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. in the war. Of course military interpretation did not begin in that factory in Wembley. In some shape and form it had been going on since the 1914-1918 war, but even the most farsighted air staff officers in the 'twenties had not really appreciated the strategic possibilities of air reconnaissance, or the excellence of photography that was possible, or the amazing amount of information that could be got out of the photographs.

Naturally enough, we did not stay in the Wembley factory.

Paduoc House, bombed two or three times, was too small anyway. We moved away to Medmenham, between Henley and Marlow, with forward sections on airfields in eastern Scotland and Cornwall, and as we grew and the scope of the war became clear, there were photographic interpretation units set up in Algiers and near Cairo, and in India. I was sent out in 1942 to build up a photographic interpretation unit in India and what was later the South-East Asia Command so that, when the war in the West ended, we should be ready to begin the Japanese war, and we would have learned some of the secrets of what Japanese equipment and installations looked like on air photographs. It, too, was a fascinating job although in the end, fortunately, its original purpose was never fulfilled.

I have in the last few weeks been thinking back to those days with a nostalgic pleasure in reading Miss Babington Smith's book and also in reading Sir Philip Joubert's book *Rocket*‡, a sentence from which I have already quoted. Miss Babington Smith has much to say about the way in which photographic reconnaissance assisted the war against the German development of the V1 and V2 weapons. She herself was closely concerned with the interpretation of Peenemünde; indeed, Sir Winston Churchill used to refer to her as 'that Miss Peenemünde'.

Sir Philip Joubert's book is, of course, entirely concerned with the war against German rockets and guided missiles. But he has an interesting passage in it about the state of German photographic reconnaissance. The Germans had excellent cameras and took good photographs. Why, then, did they not succeed in developing such a remarkable organisation as we and the Americans did? Joubert gives three answers. In the first place the Germans thought of photographic reconnaissance as a tactical problem; their organisation was split in support of various army fronts, and there was no central clearing-house with a 'complete library of photographs and the pooling of information and advice. Secondly, the Germans employed N.C.O.s to interpret their photographs—with rather interesting results; the good N.C.O. was in due course commissioned and went away to something else, the poor N.C.O. was not much use anyhow as a photographic interpreter.

But the third reason was the main one, and it was this: by commissioning N.C.O.s and by normal posting arrangements the personnel of German photographic interpretation sections was always changing, and this change of personnel is the ruin of good interpretation. What is needed is people who are left alone to study their photographs and to get to know the enemy-held ports and airfields and factories so well that they can at once tell what is happening when they see new photographs—for the essence of photographic reconnaissance is the study of change. The interpreter must know what is normal; then he is a ready witness of anything that is abnormal, or any fresh form of activity. Activity on an air photograph—and by that I mean change from the previous photographic cover of the same place—is the key to military facts.

Interpreting Changes

The constant question that interpreters would ask each other as they peered through their stereoscopes at the three-dimensional view of a distant enemy-occupied place was 'What's going on?', 'Is there any change?' and then 'Would you please come over here and look at these two sets of photographs?' And then one would go over and examine two pairs of photographs set up under stereoscopes, the one from a sortie taken that same day, and the other perhaps three weeks before. And there it would be; new tracks leading into the corner of a wood, dark shadows under the thin winter tree cover. You would look up and nod your head and say: 'Yes; there's activity in that place: it looks as if the woods are being used for storing vehicles or ammunition'. And then a note would be made for fresh photographs to be taken of the same place in a few days' time.

Lord Tedder, in his preface to Miss Babington Smith's book, has spoken of the co-operation between pilot, technician, and interpreter, which made our photographic intelligence the success it was, as a peculiarly British thing. General von Fritsch, the German Commander in Chief in 1938, declared that the side with the best photographic reconnaissance would win the next war. How pleasant to think, twenty years later, that his bold prophecy was right.—*Home Service*

* *Invasion 1940* (Hart-Davis, 25s.). † From which our illustrations are taken (published by Chatto and Windus, 18s.). ‡ Published by Hutchinson, 18s.

On Collecting Prints and Engravings

By HAROLD WRIGHT

AT four o'clock in the afternoon of May 11, 1846, four months before they were secretly married, Robert Browning wrote a hurried letter to Elizabeth Barrett, saying he had just come from town, where, all the morning, he had been detained looking at Mr. Jameson's Marc Antonio prints. Browning mentions this sixteenth-century Italian engraver, Marc Antonio Raimondi, again, in his poem 'A Likeness', in which the narrator states that he keeps his prints 'fifty or so, an imbroglia, in one portfolio'; describes showing them to friends, and says: 'The debt of wonder my crony owes, is paid to my Marc Antonios'.

Some fifty years earlier, in April-May 1798, the huge miscellaneous collection of prints formed by John Barnard, of Berkeley Square, was auctioned in London. The sale lasted twenty-six days.

Prints from Barnard's collection have always been coveted, for he was clearly an excellent judge of a fine impression. Generally they bear on the back his initials, in pen and ink, and sometimes his note of what the print had cost him. For his Rembrandt etching, 'Landscape with a Square Tower', he noted he paid 3s. At Barnard's sale it brought 26s. I saw it sold, a few years back, for £720.

In Browning's man and John Barnard you have roughly the two extremes of print-collectors: the one-portfolio man and the omnivorous collector. Many great collections like Barnard's were formed in Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Not all came to the hammer; some found their way more or less intact into national possession, to help form the foundations of the magnificent public print-collections we now find, for instance, in London, Amsterdam, Vienna, and Paris. In Paris, in the Bibliothèque Nationale, there are now over 4,000,000 prints. No less than 123,000 of these were acquired from the Abbé Michel de Marolles, in 1667.

Such of these collections as were auctioned provided the material for many smaller but more concentrated collections, particularly early in the nineteenth century. One has so often observed how the public sale of an important art collection will stimulate

new collectors. Thus did Sir Max Bonn come to begin his fine collection of French portrait engravings of Louis XIV, and noted characters of his reign, by Nanteuil and other engravers—through buying just a few examples 'for fun', as he told me,

because he thought they were cheap, at the Sir Wilfred Lawson sale in March, 1907. Incidentally, it is a wonder that any of those Lawson prints ever reached the sale-room that day, for it was discovered that rats had been very busy, terribly near them, in their northern home.

Coming to our own times, I myself, during this past half-century, have watched the building of many fine new print collections, and, in several instances, seen the eventual dispersal or sale of one and another. In my mind's eye, since I knew most of them, I can picture those enthusiastic print-lovers at work who formed

them. As far as I remember, only about four attempted to form anything like a really miscellaneous collection, planned to include, if possible, at least one typical example of the work of the best-known European print-makers of the past five centuries. Most

preferred to concentrate on prints by those artists whose choice of subjects, style and technical mastery impressed and attracted them most. How expert they became regarding the particular prints they were collecting! Who, for instance, knew generally more about engraved portraits in line or mezzotint than Mr. John Charrington, who gave his superb collection of them to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge? And who knew more about the prints that were being produced by artists of his own time, here and on the Continent, than Mr. Campbell Dodgson—prints by men like Muirhead Bone, D. Y. Cameron, Stephen Gooden, Alphonse Legros, James McBey, Walter Sickert, William Strang, J. L. Forain and J. E. Laboureur? He has left his own fine collection of them to the British Museum.

Occasionally, still, one of the older type of collections comes into the market and makes a stir, such as Prince von Liechtenstein's, which a well-known London firm purchased *en bloc* a few years ago. Anyone having occasion to look through the many portfolios of such a collection



'St. George and the Dragon', by Marc Antonio Raimondi, the sixteenth-century Italian engraver



Alexandre de Sève: an engraving (1662) from life by R. Nanteuil

today is quickly struck by the way fashions in print-collecting and print-publishing, as in other directions, have changed with successive generations in the past 150 years—or have *not* changed, as the case may be. Among the prints one notices in such collections which are no longer sought by private collectors are the large, often very large, line engravings reproducing the great paintings of religious and classical subjects by Old Masters of the Italian and other Schools; though these are still occasionally wanted by galleries, print-rooms and art schools. It is their size that is the barrier today. For many years now, most collectors have had, perforce, through considerations of modern house-room, to limit themselves to prints of moderate size, which can be uniformly mounted to various standard sizes for convenient handling and storage. On the other hand, among the prints in such collections which are as popular today as ever are the Dürers, Rembrandts, Van Dycks, Callots and Claudes.

Print sales have gone on steadily on the Continent since the seventeenth century, and in London since at least the middle of the eighteenth. The earliest of these sales are, not surprisingly, usually somewhat casually catalogued, but gradually the cataloguing has improved, until today, in the hands of some auctioneers, it has become a fine art. Among the first sales to be more expertly catalogued were those held in Germany, in cities like Stuttgart, during the thirty years or so before the Great War, and again in Leipzig, principally in the years between the wars. At many of them, from 1907 onwards, I was present, and I shall never forget the impressive concourse of dealers, collectors, international print-experts, and print-room directors, which assembled at those sales, year after year. Competition became fiercer each year, leading to very high prices for the rarest and finest lots.

Gradually, however, these sales became thinner, and then came the second war. Some attempt is being made to revive these special annual sales over there, but it seems likely that the prints being offered in them will possess a more and more modern complexion, as the older prints become increasingly difficult to obtain. Already, in fact, such prints by the Modernist, Abstractionist, or Expressionist groups as have appeared in these sales have brought high bids.

Print sales in Paris and London have also continued steadily all along, but have become less frequent and increasingly difficult to arrange because of the shortage of the best material. Yet the supply of prints in general appears to be inexhaustible, and a collector will always have something to bite on.

I have said a good deal about dispersals and scatterings, but production of new plates has continued all the time, for there have always been new engravers and etchers coming along, and publishers to issue their prints. In the late eighteenth century, here, for instance, we had the great group of mezzotint engravers which is one of England's glories, and early in the nineteenth century there were many accomplished aquatinters who were kept hard at work producing for various London publishers whole series of aquatints, printed in colours, or hand-coloured—topographical views, landscapes, hunting, racing, coaching, yachting, and other subjects, mostly after watercolours by well-known artists of the time, many specially employed by the publishers.

About 1880, Sir Seymour Haden, a surgeon and keen amateur etcher who founded the Royal Society of Painter Etchers and Engravers, began urging the abandonment of the production of

engravings and etchings reproducing the work of other artists, in favour of the production of 'original' etchings and engravings; that is, prints in which the design, the actual execution, and even the printing if necessary were all the work of the one artist. Doubtless Haden had in mind the etchings by Charles Jacque, Meryon, Millet, and Whistler, produced in Paris before 1870, and the Old Masters I mentioned earlier—Rembrandt, Dürer, Claude, Callot, and the rest—for they are all 'original' prints, in Haden's sense, and he possessed a fine collection of them; some items from his collection are now in the Melbourne Gallery.

By about 1905 the idea had taken firm hold, and collectors began buying these contemporary productions. Many of these new prints quickly gained name and fame, and, as and when they appeared in the sales, were the objects of excited speculation, substantial premiums being paid for many. The sale prices in fact soon became fantastic, with the result that the inevitable happened and a slump came. From the tumble they took then they have never properly and fairly recovered. A number are

really masterly achievements, and many excellent judges today consider it high time these prints were reconsidered and collected afresh.

What of today? My own feeling is that for various reasons many collectors may be limiting themselves, like Browning's man, to collecting only groups of fifty or sixty prints, but are exercising severe care in their selection. For the past few years, in London, Paris, and elsewhere, much attention has been paid to eighteenth-century Italian etchings; for example, the

masterly and decorative large etchings of Rome and district, by Piranesi (despite the size, in their case); the views of Venice and district by Antonio Canale (Canaletto); and the fantasies and religious and classical subjects by G. B. and G. D. Tiepolo. Early proofs of Hogarth's plates are attracting more spirited bidding than for some years past.

Of the older prints, the German and Italian sixteenth and seventeenth-century woodcuts in chiaroscuro have been rediscovered and are now keenly sought. So are the best of the French and Italian etchings of the seventeenth century—those by Callot, Claude, and Stefano della Bella, and those by Guido Reni and his contemporaries. Fine proofs of the favourite eighteenth-century mezzotint plates have also been welcomed, whilst prints in black or colours by the best eighteenth-century French engravers and aquatinters remain firmly in favour.

More Japanese prints (woodcuts printed in colours) have been appearing in the sales; and when by early masters, and in good condition, have done very well. Also, since they seem to preponderate in every big print sale here, aquatints in colour, of the kinds I mentioned earlier, and the more popular of the English stipples of fancy subjects, evidently meet a very active market. Baxter prints are sometimes seen, but seem less collected than formerly. Inevitably, since they are all the present international rage, prints by modern French artists, such as Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Vuillard, Rouault, and, of course, Picasso, are filtering into the London sale-rooms and are already bringing notable prices. The production of prints of all kinds proceeds all the time. In the matter of recent new productions, the woodcuts and lithographs in colour by various young artists with Modernist sympathies have attracted increasing attention.

One parting word: keep looking at your prints. You will see new features of interest in them every time and gain ideas as to what possible new acquisitions will best go with them.

—Network Three



'The Arch of Constantine': etching by Piranesi (1720-78)

'Sit Down, Mr. Smith'

HAROLD MELVIN on interviewing candidates for the Civil Service

SOME eight years ago, on a dull November evening, I found myself at Bristol. I was standing with two other people—a man and a woman—outside Temple Meads station. Each of us carried a suitcase and I carried a large envelope stuffed with papers.

Changing the Course of a Life

Individually we were three Civil Servants recently retired. Collectively we were rather more formidable—members of a board appointed by the Civil Service Commissioners to interview certain candidates for executive posts in the Civil Service. I carried the large envelope because I was the Chairman. Having sat on other boards as a member, I had now been promoted. I have never refused promotion; but it brings its burdens. Now the final responsibility for the board's mark—a mark which could change for better or worse the whole course of a life—would be mine. And, whatever my faults as a Chairman, that was a thing I never forgot.

My first job was to weld my board into an efficient team. We three had met, for the first time in our lives, at Paddington. On the way down we had dined together. Two of us discovered a common friend in old Jones of the Admiralty. Another two, it seemed, had shared a Minister. This led on to a cosy chat about Ministers and their little ways—a subject on which we reached agreement at all levels. The good work of team-building had begun, and bore its first fruits at Temple Meads in a brilliant concerted movement to capture the only taxi in sight.

At the hotel more papers awaited us—this time they were in triplicate. These gave us fuller particulars of the people we were to see, including their school record. I handed my colleagues their personal copies and went early to bed with my own and a large glass of hot milk.

This rather austere approach to my task was more or less compulsory. The public rooms of provincial hotels are ill-adapted for the study of official papers and these papers had to be read thoroughly. They were, moreover, highly confidential and it was my duty to keep an eye on them. So I thought it best to take them to bed with me. The hot milk, of course, was optional; but it seemed to go with the job—like champagne with weddings.

Next morning we met in a charming room in a fine old eighteenth-century house. There we were joined by a serving Civil Servant from one of the local Ministries. We were not always so lucky in our board rooms, but this one was delightful. Moreover, the clerical assistant already had everything lined up. She (it was usually a she) was, in effect, part of the team. It was she who received the candidates. From her they gained their first impressions of the business in hand: it was to her they chatted while waiting their turn. And since we were anxious to see the best of—let us call him Mr. Smith—the way he felt when he entered the board room mattered a great deal. First impressions could affect the whole interview, for it was as important that Mr.—and of course Miss—Smith should form a sound impression of the board as that the board should form a sound impression of them.

Old Jack

In London, we normally sat at official premises and there one of the older messengers would look after us. Supreme among these was old Jack. Well on in the sixties, he had brought up boys and girls of his own. He liked young people and said comfortable words to the Smiths while they waited. I fancy he dropped a hint that we were not as tough as we looked. And I am convinced that by the time he brought Mr. Smith in he had, in his own mind, passed or failed him.

But I must get back to Bristol. There the assistant was cheerful

and competent; and on the stroke of ten the first candidate appeared.

'Good morning, Mr. Smith', I said. 'Please sit down'. He sat down. He was a cheerful, fresh-complexioned lad—and quite at his ease.

I ran through his school record with him and then said: 'You are an actor, I see' (I had this from a note by his headmaster). 'What was your last part?'

'Mrs. Candour, sir', he replied, adding 'In "The School for Scandal", you know'. That was tactful of him. I might not have known; and we value tact in the Civil Service. We then got on to Sheridan as a writer—and we were off to a good start. Five minutes later he was discussing Nato with one of the others; and from Nato they went on to food subsidies and foreign travel. Finally he was passed back to me.

'Well, Mr. Smith', I said, 'we've asked you a lot of questions. Are there any you would like to ask me?'

He didn't think so.

'Has this interview been the kind of thing you expected?'

He thought for a moment. 'Rather better, really', he said—and then flushed a little (Mrs. Candour, indeed!).

'Then we need keep you no longer', I said, '—and thank you'.

As the interview had gone on, I had made a few notes. Now I looked at them. What had I learned about Mr. Smith? That he had a pleasant personality, an easy manner. That he knew something of current affairs and had talked sensibly about Nato. That he had been to Sweden (where, he said, he found 'statues and modern architecture all over the place') and to France (where they were, he thought, 'more hot-tempered, dirty, and fashionable').

Easy-going and Superficial?

He struck me as easy-going and perhaps superficial. Could he think his way into and through a matter? Would he have the stamina to deal patiently and thoroughly with the complicated stuff that might soon come his way? Was he, in fact, tough enough? Taking him all round I put him at about 220 marks out of a possible 300.

In the meantime each of my colleagues had written down a mark independently. One thought 220 would be right (that agreed with my own estimate); the other said 230. This was good. Ten marks covered us. The business of settling the board's standards—which can make a first day very strenuous—should not prove too difficult. After some discussion we agreed on a mark of 220.

That had been a straightforward interview. The candidate had come in ready to score as and when he could. But the real test for a board was the fellow who stonewalled and was content to play out time without, he hoped, losing his wicket. With such a one we might know that he had done well at school—that his headmaster thought highly of him: we ourselves might think we discerned good stuff in him. But the trouble was that we were not getting it. And he had to produce something then and there before we could mark him as we believed he deserved. So we would cast about for a topic that would bring him out of his shell—and, if we knew our job, we would find something to start him talking. It might be judo, modern poetry, or ancient monuments—that didn't matter.

We were allotted half an hour for each candidate. In doubtful cases we could—and did—take longer. But that meant, of course, that the next man in had to be kept waiting; which was bad for his peace of mind. We were, indeed, closely tied to time. But that must never be manifest to Mr. Smith. It was part of the chairman's business to create an impression of spacious leisure. This was a discussion and not an inquisition. The friendlier the atmosphere, the better our chance of seeing the best of Mr.

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NEWS DIARY

February 19-25

Wednesday, February 19

Prime Minister opens debate on foreign affairs in House of Commons

National Coal Board rejects miners' claim for an increase of pay for nearly 400,000 workers

President Eisenhower asks U.S. Congress for over £1,400,000,000 for foreign aid

Thursday, February 20

After debate on foreign affairs Government obtains majority of 308 votes to 242

Sudan Government asks for a meeting of the Security Council to consider breach of Sudanese sovereignty by Egypt

Army Estimates show small increase in expenditure over current year

Friday, February 21

The first report of the Council on Prices, Productivity, and Incomes is published

U.N. Security Council meets to consider Sudanese complaint against Egypt

Rowdy scenes take place in Glasgow during the installation of Mr. R. A. Butler as Rector of the University

Saturday, February 22

British Ambassadors in Paris and Tunis are called to London for consultations with the Foreign Secretary about the Franco-Tunisian dispute

President Nasser proclaims the United Arab Republic to a great crowd in Cairo

The Indonesian Air Force is reported to have attacked targets in central Sumatra and northern Celebes

Sunday, February 23

Soviet Government explodes another hydrogen weapon

The Commonwealth trans-Antarctic expedition reaches a depot 280 miles from the end of its journey

Leaflets distributed in Nicosia by Eoka call for a boycott of trade with Britain

Monday, February 24

Minister of Defence tells Commons of Anglo-American agreement on missile bases in Britain

Commons discuss increases in local unemployment

Juan Fangio, the racing driver, is kidnapped in Cuba by political demonstrators

Dr. Arturo Frondizi is elected President of Argentina

Tuesday, February 25

Heavy snowfalls create chaos for traffic in much of Britain

Industrial Court concludes hearing of claim for higher wages by London busmen

Shipbuilding employers refuse claim for forty-hour week



Colonel Nasser addressing the crowd in Republic Square, Cairo, on February 22, after he had been elected first President of the new United Arab Republic combining Egypt and Syria



Lord Moran, Sir Winston Churchill's personal physician, arriving on February 19 at the villa at Roquebrune in the south of France where Sir Winston was taken ill last week with pneumonia and pleurisy. Early this week he was reported to be progressing well. In the centre (back to camera) is Sir Winston's host, Mr. Emery Reeves

Right: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother receiving an Australian aboriginal girl when she saw children who had travelled 3,000 miles to meet her at Government House, Canberra, on February 16



Members of the Ukrainian State Cossack Band performing until March 4 at the Royal Albert Hall.





A rally held last Sunday in Trafalgar Square, London, of Turkish Cypriots demanding the partition of Cyprus. A petition was afterwards handed in to 10 Downing Street



Tunisian troops manning an improvised barrier on the road to the French naval base of Bizerta last week. A blockade against French garrisons in Tunisia was imposed after the bombing by French aircraft of the village of Sakiet on February 8



are giving a season of dancing company's first visit to London



A photograph taken last week in the hop-fields at Paddock Wood, Kent, where the annual task of 'stringing' is now in progress



Right: the new headquarters of Unesco is now nearing completion in Paris: a view of part of the building showing the decorative pattern made by the fire-escape

(continued from page 363)

Smith. And it was the best we were after. One occasionally met two menaces to good time-keeping. One was the over-zealous board member—the man who grew so interested in Mr. Smith that he could not bear to part with him. The other was the man described in the advice once given by a wise old don to students going for interview.

'When you enter the room', he would say, 'you will see a lot of old men sitting round a table. They will ask you questions which you must answer as best you can. But if one of them brings up some rather out-of-the-way topic, say at once that, to your great regret, this is a matter of which you know nothing. This will give him the chance he has been waiting for—the chance to show what a lot *he* knows about it. And for the next five or ten minutes you will be safe'.

This interviewing job could be as exciting as a detective story, even though excellence and not iniquity was our quarry. We had to ferret out all we could about Mr. Smith; to track down his virtues in their lairs; to find out what he *was* as distinct from what he *knew*.

It could be difficult. One Miss Smith I saw—who relied rather too heavily on personal charm—could not be drawn into discussing anything at all. This reduced us to trying her out on matters of fact, and even then she wouldn't talk. But we did get one straight answer. Asked for the name of the President of the U.S.A. she said 'Mr. Attlee'. That would have shaken them in Washington D.C.!

I recall, too, another Miss Smith who had been asked what qualities she would hope to

find in a good Civil Servant. She hesitated—the going had been rather heavy—and hoping to help her, I took a hand.

'Suppose you were sitting in my seat', I asked, 'and I in yours, what would *you* be looking for?'

That was easy. 'Common sense', she said.

What, in fact, were we looking for? Personal integrity, firmness of character, an alert and clear mind, a sense of humour, and last, but not least, an attractive and sympathetic manner; for today so many Civil Servants are in constant contact with the public whom they exist to serve. We were after the triers—the stayers—those who twenty years hence would be able to shoulder real responsibility. We were never more pleased than when we could say of the Smith who had just left us, 'He should go a long way', or more simply, 'I would have taken him gladly'. For most of us had in our time been heads of branches with staffs varying from 50 to 500 or more. We had seen the youngsters come in. It had been our job to make sure that each was suitably placed, to spot the 'fliers' and see to it that they got off on the right foot. It was the hope of finding really good people that gave our work its peculiar thrill. One such could make our day. One like this for instance (I quote from some old notes):

Quietish chap with a bit of a twinkle. Reads T. S. Eliot and understands him. Plays Rugby for the school. Ready and lucid. Fair-minded, sensible and honest. Not so quiet either—he can hold his own in argument. We must have *him*.

I used to hope that our discussions did something to broaden Mr. Smith's interests. He

sometimes broadened mine. I found, for instance, that in chats about reading, the names of Peter Cheyney and Leslie Charteris kept cropping up. As I had read neither, I felt bound to take an intensive course in both. That was education if you like.

One had to know something of science fiction too; indeed, between them the members of a Board needed to know something of almost everything. In actual practice I was amazed to find how rarely we encountered a topic on which one or other of us could not put up a show. Astronomy, bee-keeping, black magic, pigeon-racing, wild-fowling, ventriloquism, and bull-fighting—all came my way. Against one boy I have a note: 'Unicorns—golf—painting on glass', and against another 'Girls, goons and ghosts'. I wish I could remember how the unicorns got in.

Once a board is over, its members have no further official interest in the Smiths. But I like to remember them. I know what I thought of them. I have no idea what they thought of me. Though there was that young man, an agreeable, open-faced lad. . . . I had asked him whether it had occurred to him to wonder why we now relied so much on interviews in recruiting our Civil Servants. In my young days, I said, I had only to pass a written examination—and I was in. Today I should have been called up for an interview.

I will not trouble you with the answer I wanted. Actually he looked me straight in the eye and said: 'I suppose, sir, the Civil Service Commissioners thought it advisable to improve their methods'.—*Home Service*

Miles Anderson: Present-day Pioneer

By JOHN SEYMOUR

PEOPLE think that the days of pioneering on this planet are over. I would like to tell the story of a friend of mine: Miles Anderson. Miles was born in the Orange Free State, in South Africa, where his father had a small farm. Depression and generosity kept the family poor, but by living rough and making a religion of hard work Miles managed to save a little money. He put up some hundreds of miles of jackal-proof wire fencing for other people, at so much a mile. For years while he was doing this he hardly knew what it was to sleep in a bed or under a roof.

He had a small team of Africans to help him in this work, but he himself worked harder than any of them. It is a mistake to believe that in South Africa only the black men work. Some of the white men work very hard indeed. In this way Miles eventually made enough money to stock a small farm. But he had not got a farm. However, just at that time, the nineteen-twenties, the last of the Great Treks—the migrations of the Boer or Afrikaner people—was taking place. Miles took part in it.

Across the Orange River from the Western Cape Province was the Mandated Territory of South West Africa. This was a stretch of desert and semi-desert and dry savanna country big enough to lose a large part of Europe in. Until 1914 it had been ruled by the Germans. During

the 1914 war the South Africans, under Generals Botha and Smuts, quickly relieved them of it, and the South African Government decided to cut the habitable part of it up into blocks and practically give these blocks away to selected South African settlers. The country was sparsely inhabited. The biggest tribe—the Herero—had been reduced from 100,000 to 20,000 in a four years' war with the Germans. There was a scattering of Bushmen and Hottentots, and a few strange people called Damaras who lived among the rocks and mountains. A handful of German settlers scratched a living by keeping stock. After internment, these Germans were given back their land again. The two great deserts—the Kalahari and the Namib—were left to the natives of the country, the jackals, and the migratory herds of antelope.

Miles Anderson put in an application for one of the new farms, and was the only English-speaking South African to get one. The farm he was allotted was right up in the north-west of the settled strip of the country. The settled strip was, and still is, known as the policed zone. Miles' farm was up in the district of Outjo.

He had an old car—it was just about late enough in evolution to have pneumatic tyres. Miles loaded this up until the springs were nearly flat, with water, petrol, and food—but prin-

cipally water—and a faithful African who had been with him since they were children, and they set off first west and then north. They had just 1,500 miles to go to get to Outjo: from London to Athens, that is, as the crow flies. There was nothing that we would call a road: just a track that had been worn by ox-wagons through the veld. Miles and his servants had to work their way along it. Water for the radiator of the car had to come before water for the men, and they often had to go without any. They drove for 100 miles once with one of the tyres stuffed with leaves—the last inner-tube had gone beyond repair. The last part of the journey was done with the back-springs broken and the chassis supported by logs of wood—a common African bush trick. They had to wait once for a river to go down before they could cross it. They had to walk thirty miles once to get some half-caste people called Orlams to bring a span of oxen to pull the car out of a quagmire. In places they had to build the road as they went, cutting bushes and laying them on the sand. Miles did well to get to Outjo in a month. Nowadays there is a good road to south-west Africa—you can drive along it at seventy miles an hour.

Half way up the territory they left the open veld and came into bush-veld—a world of small trees spaced as far apart as trees in an orchard. Cattle and sheep and antelope live on the little

shrubs that grow between the stunted trees. When it does rain once a year the grass grows.

Outjo was a tiny hamlet with a magistrate's office and a police station. The magistrate gave Miles a map, with his farm marked on it. The farm was 100 miles north-west of Outjo. Miles sold his car and bought a wagon and a span of twenty donkeys. He set off into the almost trackless bush and eventually—by careful map-reading—came to his farm. He could tell he was there because he found a pile of stones and a metal sign set up by the surveyor to mark the corner of it. There was a beacon like this at each corner and the beacons were seven miles apart.

Fifteen Miles from Water

So there was young Miles, in the middle of the bush, 100 miles from a shop or a pub and fifteen miles from a house or water. Fifteen miles away lived an old German settler, with a water borehole. Later the South West African Government developed a good drilling service, and they would drill for water for farmers at £1 a foot and give them thirty years in which to pay it off. £1 a foot sounds cheap perhaps, but when one realises that some farmers drilled 1,000 feet and then failed to find water, you will see it was quite a consideration. Anyway, Miles could not get a drill, so he decided to sink a well.

Then came the elaborate ritual when a South African wants to sink a well. Neighbours are called in, and make profound remarks about the strike of the rock, about water-bearing strata, about termite hills being over water, about lines of bigger trees, about water-divining. Water-divining generally wins in the end, and some old Dutch uncle is brought from far away, and he walks about the veld with a bent twig and says where the well should be—generally in the most inconvenient place. And in such a place Miles, weeks later, started to sink his well.

He had to go back to Outjo with his wagon. Remember, if he wanted a box of matches and did not have one he had to go in to Outjo for it. One hundred miles there and 100 miles back, with a wagon which could travel only fifteen miles a day. He got cases and cases of gelignite, hammers and hand drills, fuses and detonators, and a couple of Klip Kaffirs, or Damaras, to do the work for him. But Miles had to do most of the work himself. Miles drilled the hard rock by hand, blasted it, shovelled the broken rock into a bucket which he had to trust the Damaras to wind to the surface with a home-made windlass over his head—then drilled and blasted again. As the well got deeper the air became fouler, and he had to wait longer and longer for the explosion fumes to clear after each blast. The job became dangerous. A pebble falling from up above might have killed him working down below. For week after week he worked and the well got so deep that he could see the stars in broad daylight when he looked up from the bottom of it. But still he did not strike water. The water that they needed to drink, and to pour in the drill holes down the well, they had to fetch from the German's farm, fifteen miles away.

At 100 feet he struck water. The old Dutch uncle had guessed or divined well. Then came the hard part. The bit of a drilling machine will go through wet rock, but a well sinker must dry the bottom of his well before he can start

work in it, and Miles found that he was winding up water for hours before the well was dry enough to start work in. Then he would have to sit waist-deep in the rising water while he drilled, and put in his charges—it was no good stopping drilling until he had sunk the well deep enough to ensure a constant supply at all seasons. No one who has not tried this can know what a frightful job it can be. In the end he was satisfied.

Now, Miles wanted some stock. He wrote to his father in the Orange Free State and asked him to buy some cattle. The old man sent him up, by rail, forty North Devon cows and a bull. Grades, of course—that is they had some native African blood in them; pure-bred English cattle would not have survived in that tick-infested country. North Devons were originally draught cattle and so they are good in front of a wagon. They are also good beef animals and they give good milk. The cattle came to Outjo by the old German narrow-gauge railway. Miles had by then bought a horse, and he rode into Outjo to fetch them. He signed on two Bushmen herdsmen and started the journey back. They made the journey in a week. Every night Miles or the herdsmen took turns to stay awake and keep the cattle from straying and keep big fires burning to keep the lions away. Back at the farm the two Damaras had built a big kraal, or circular fence of thorn bushes, to contain the cattle every night.

Trap-gun for Lions

The two herdsmen looked after the cattle out in the veld every day, but neither herdsmen nor thorn bushes could entirely protect them. One night a trio of lions leapt into the kraal and killed four cows. Miles spent nights waiting up for the lions to come back, but they did not. His German neighbour then showed him how to set a trap-gun. With this Miles killed four lions in his first year. But even until recently lions would sometimes raid his donkeys and dry stock, which are left out to roam the veld by themselves at night.

One day a Bushman came running back to say the herd had been attacked by wild dogs. The African hunting dog is the most voracious of vermin, and will pull down cattle and be 100 miles away by the next day. Miles jumped on his horse and rode out and by great good luck fell on the pack while it was resting, gorged, after the kill. He shot three dogs, and probably wounded a few as they ran off, and it was a long time before they worried him again.

From the Ovambo tribe in the north he bought a flock of sheep—smooth-haired, black headed, and white bodied, and with fat tails. He rode out into the veld sometimes and shot a buck or an ostrich, for meat and for fat to boil into soap. From buck hides he made his own leather, and from this his own shoes. Every six months he rode into Outjo with the wagon and came back with a load of maize meal—or mealy-meal—wheat-meal, sugar, coffee beans, and paraffin. Like his African servants he lived almost exclusively on mealy-meal porridge and milk and meat. As the rains were coming he built himself a grass-thatched hut—before, he had slept under the stars.

It was two years before he had a crop of fat oxen to sell and by then the great depression had hit South West Africa and they were valueless. For years he lived hardly handling any

money at all. Then came the karakul boom. It was found that the native sheep, when crossed with karakul rams from Russia or Bokhara, threw saleable Persian-lamb or Astrakhan or karakul pelts. Buyers drove about the country—by that time the wagons had knocked enough of the bushes flat for a car to be able to get along—and paid good prices for the day-old lamb skins. Miles began to make money.

He got married to a pretty German girl from Outjo. He had to build a house. He had to find good brick earth, mould and burn his own bricks, burn his own lime for mortar, pit-saw his own trees for planks, and the only thing he bought was glass for the windows, a little timber, and corrugated iron for the roof. With two or three completely untrained Africans to help him he built a much better house than you could get in an English housing estate today.

I knew Miles well before the war. I knew him when he was building his house, when he was still very poor, and when he was beginning to do well. I visited him again when I went to Africa about three years ago. This time his farm was hardly recognisable. The house had been enlarged and improved, there were fine pepper trees growing beside it, green lawns in front of it, a magnificent kitchen garden at the back, big orange and grape-fruit orchards; there were melons, avocado pears, mangoes, paw-paws going bad on the trees because nobody bothered to pick them. There was a huge earth dam holding water up in a big lake to irrigate all this. The open veld had been camped—that is, wire-fenced—and big herds of beautiful cattle grazed in the camps. Miles had just sold a karakul ram for £500. There were fields of green lucerne, and Miles grew all his own maize, wheat, and other crops. There were sties full of pigs, larders full of bacon and hams and German sausages—all made by Miles' clever German wife. There were three large American cars or trucks, good horses for riding, three fine ridge-backed lion dogs. Miles told me he sent several hundred fat oxen to the railway every year.

'Life's Become too Easy'

'Well now, Miles, I suppose you've got everything the heart of man can desire', I said.

'No, man—it's lucky you came out this year and not next', he said.

I asked him why.

'Fed up with it. Fed up with the lot of it. The same old thing every day. Nothing to do. It was fun when I came up here—and when you were out here before. There was some excitement then. Do you remember the trouble we had with lions? Now it's just dull'. He went on to say he was selling up and going to Australia.

'What on earth are you going to do in Australia?' I asked.

'Oh, I'm going up north—or out west somewhere—in the great outback or back of beyond or whatever those extraordinary Australians call it—and with the money I get from this lot I'm going to buy a big block of land. A big bit of veld bigger than this place: and right undeveloped and as far away from civilisation as I can get. And I'm going to knock it into a farm. Make a home of it—like I have here. I'm going to show those Aussies how to make a farm. Life's become too easy here—I'm getting soft—there's no interest left'.

Which all goes to show, although I'm not sure what.—*Home Services*



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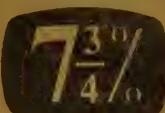
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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The White Paper on Defence

Sir,—Admiral Sir Charles Daniel (THE LISTENER, February 20) has a deservedly high reputation in Service circles as an authority on naval operations, but even his clear mind cannot escape from the hopeless contradiction in our present defence policy.

He said: 'Nuclear war must be of short duration'. We can all agree on that! He then paints a picture of the two devastated antagonists 'unable to fight on land or in the air' conducting a kind of conventional naval war! He presupposes that after the nuclear bombardment 'neither side can enforce its will on the other'. Does he really suppose that the question of 'imposing our will on the enemy' will be in the minds of the survivors in the radio-active charnel-houses previously known as the United Kingdom and the Soviet Union? How many people have the knowledge and imagination to make a clear picture in their minds of what a twenty-megaton bomb exploding over Trafalgar Square means in terms of casualties, physical damage, and subsequent radio-active consequences?

Yours, etc.,

Headley

STEPHEN KING-HALL

Should Britain Abandon Nuclear Arms?

Sir,—In replying to Mr. Nicolson's letter (THE LISTENER, February 13) I wish to concentrate upon my main contention, viz., that to maintain nuclear arms for the wrong reason is as likely to result in disaster as to abandon them in a gesture of irresponsible purism. Courtesy demands, however, that I first deal briefly with two more personal matters.

First, I cannot say how far I agree with Sir Stephen King-Hall's revolutionary proposals until I have read his book on defence in a nuclear age, now promised, I believe, for March. I can, however, say that the very striking ways in which he has posed questions of national defence, and his insistence that many of our traditional ways of thinking (and feeling) about warfare are no longer applicable in a nuclear age, have certainly made a lot of people sit up and think: and for this he deserves the gratitude of us all. Secondly, I cannot describe how gladly I received Mr. Nicolson's statement 'that everything possible should be done to reduce tension and obtain disarmament by agreement', and his assurance that, in his original talk, he took this point for granted. Possibly I gave an unnatural interpretation to his talk: certainly what horrified me most in reading it was the thought that a man of Mr. Nicolson's known courage and conscientiousness should have been (apparently) infected with that moral and political arterio-sclerosis which characterised Western political strategy throughout 1957. And if, Sir, in this regard my earlier letter misled any of your readers, I now apologise both to Mr. Nicolson and to them.

I can best sharpen my main contention if I begin by conceding three of Mr. Nicolson's points: (a) that even if nuclear arms had never been invented, present world tensions, accom-

panied by a race in conventional arms, would present us with a horrifyingly dangerous situation; (b) that nuclear arms have the oddity that their excessive and relatively indiscriminate destructive power may well prevent nations from employing them in circumstances where they might engage in war with conventional arms; (c) that great superiority in nuclear armaments may no longer decisively favour the side that possesses it. The question is how these latter relatively cheering facts about nuclear arms should be regarded. Mr. Nicolson's view of them seems to be this: that if disarmament and other connected negotiations with the Russians should fail, the West can afford to sit back and wait behind the shield of its (mainly) nuclear armament: or, more simply, that time is on our side so that we can afford to wait and glare.

In my previous letter I mentioned a number of reasons for rejecting this view and for insisting, on the contrary, that the 'supreme deterrent' is not a form of defence upon which any nation, and in particular any civilised nation, can afford to rely morally or strategically for long; chiefly, but not only, because its rarity value cannot last for long. The view which I would oppose to Mr. Nicolson's starts from a recognition of this; but it equally recognises that for the last ten years we have relied upon—if you like, the peace has been kept by—the American atomic and thermonuclear 'umbrellas', and that we ourselves have many commitments that require the maintenance of a substantial armament; and it concludes that the main, if not only, justification for keeping our own as yet small nuclear armament is that it will improve our position and increase our power of initiative in future negotiations aimed at limiting such armaments and eventually converting them to peace purposes. Put epigrammatically but misleadingly, this is the policy of retaining the 'bomb' in order to abolish it. But, as recently explained, by e.g., Mr. Bevan, there is nothing really illogical, still less is there necessarily anything hypocritical, about this suggestion. Its apparently paradoxical character is only one example of the condition of confusingly rapid change of military and diplomatic environment in which we have somehow got to live.

I have no doubt that this view involves great difficulties. It easily invites the charge of hypocrisy—and from more than one side; and it may well involve unpopular consequences in respect of the kind of defence which this country would need should our nuclear armament be dismantled. How then, it may well be asked, can an ordinary citizen—with no detailed knowledge and no experience of the fine balancing of military and diplomatic considerations—have the effrontery to aver in public his preference for it? Why do so many tiresome people persist in making so much fuss, to the embarrassment of the political and military experts? Many of those who fuss in this way appreciate the force of these questions; yet fuss they must, they can no other. They are driven on by the recurrent suspicion, not simply that the policy of depen-

dence on nuclear armaments is wrong, but that the whole habit of thought and action in which such a policy has been adopted is curiously wrong-headed: not so much because it is immoral as because it keeps looking at the problem from the wrong direction. May I try to elaborate this point a little?

The problem of the control and ultimate abolition of nuclear arms is obviously one of world-wide concern, since the destructive effects of such arms cannot be simply *inter-belligerent*. Unfortunately, or because of a contemporary historical accident, this problem has got itself inextricably bound up with a head-on ideological conflict between West and East. (To ask whether the nuclear arms race is the cause or consequence of this ideological struggle is logically idle: each, of course, serves to intensify the other.)

Fundamentally, however, the problem is not exclusively—nor is it especially—one for the Americans (and their allies) and the Russians (and their satellites). Let us imagine a condition of affairs in which world-wide control of nuclear arms has been achieved: evidently this condition would depend upon good faith, self-discipline and intelligent watchfulness on the part of *all* (or at least of all industrialised) nations. Next, let us imagine an intermediate situation in which nuclear armaments are being inspected or collected on some generally accepted plan. Can we imagine this happening without the active co-operation of other nations than the nuclear powers themselves? Is it not obvious that, just as the non-nuclear powers have a supreme interest in nuclear disarmament (since at the moment they are liable to extermination as a result of quarrels that are none of their making) so they must play an all-important role in the process of nuclear disarmament if ever this occurs? Finally, let us return to those first steps in, or towards, nuclear disarmament which are as yet to be taken. Is it realistic to expect these to be either conceived or advanced or effectively nursed along by either of the two great nuclear powers? Is it not certain, on the contrary, that America or Russia will see this whole problem exclusively as *its* problem *vis-à-vis* its opponent, and will therefore hesitate and probably trip at the very first step it is asked to take?

These considerations—all of them ways of bringing out the fact that nuclear disarmament is fundamentally something much more than a West-East problem—seem to me to reinforce my suggestion as to the role which Britain is here ideally suited to take. As the third, albeit the diminutive, nuclear power, we are in a position to put forward conditions upon which we would agree to nuclear disarmament, and to shape these conditions not simply to the different strategic aspects of the East-West conflict, but also to the more general anxieties and aspirations of the nations of the world. If Great Britain could adopt this leadership role, there would certainly be no lack of chorus support. We would surely count for something as the power which, while itself possessing nuclear arms, yet sought to persuade the Russians that

nuclear disarmament is an issue of much greater urgency than the class-warfare in which they believe, and to persuade the Americans that nuclear disarmament is of much greater moment than the temporary increase (and perhaps consequently swifter decay) of the Communist ideology in a few more underdeveloped areas in the world.

Evidently the above is not even the outline of an answer to the title question of this correspondence. It is, however, an attempt to state a framework of ideas within which a genuine answer to that question may be sought, *i.e.*, an answer which is not implicitly defeatist from the start.—Yours, etc.,

Castleward, Co. Down W. B. GALLIE

An Asian on Asia

Sir,—Mr. Guerrero in his talk on 'The Cult of Personality' (THE LISTENER, February 20) discusses one of the most dangerous phenomena of modern times, hero-worship. The agglomeration of political power, the speed of travel and communications, and the increasing political consciousness of the masses all serve to aggravate the problem.

It is a sad reflection on modern man that his feeling of insecurity leads him to worship his chosen leaders, and it is regrettable that the degree of insecurity is in direct proportion to the amount of veneration accorded. For the cult of hero-worship breeds its antithesis, thus aggravating political sensibility and inflaming militant nationalism.

With the awful examples of Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin behind us the Western world has temporarily turned to the less dangerous idolatry of entertainers, sportsmen, and (a new species) the television personality. The greatest service Mr. Guerrero and his fellow Asians can do their children is to take warning from the way Europe has already nearly destroyed herself because of this cult and teach their children to control their emotions with regard to their political leaders, firmly relegating them to their proper positions as servants of the state.

Yours, etc.,

Market Lavington D. J. HARDING

The World and the Observer

Sir,—Mr. Purcell's reply to Mr. McCracken's comment on the talk by Bertrand Russell (THE LISTENER, February 20), really ought not to go unanswered if only because Lord Russell, I am sure, would not care to be defended in the manner Mr. Purcell chooses. Lord Russell's views on religion are well known, but it is nonsense to think that attacks on his mutable philosophical positions are all religiously motivated. Lord Russell's position in its Berkelian form had the avowed purpose, according to Bishop Berkeley himself, of *proving* the existence of God, and confuting atheism. Lenin's attack (*Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*), on the view that we can never know for certain that there is an external world, had the avowed purpose of confuting idealism and its putative concomitant, religion. So where does this leave Mr. Purcell?

Now as for Mr. Purcell's request for 'Spoffkins' who have attacked the whole notion of the theory of representative perception (the jargon name for the theory which says that all we ever perceive are things in our own heads), I can cite Oxford philosophers like Cook-Wilson (*Statement and Inference*), and Prichard, G. E.

Moore has had some doubts about it (in his debates over the question of whether a sense-datum is part of a material object). Then there is Wittgenstein whose *Philosophical Investigations* may be said to stand or fall on the question of private ostensive definition (another way of posing the problem). Then there is Ayer's *Problem of Knowledge*, Warnock's *Berkeley* (both in the Pelican Philosophy series), there is G. A. Paul's near classic, *The Status of Sense-Data*, in the first of the *Logic and Language* series by Professor A. G. N. Flew. Professor Gilbert Ryle devotes some time to the theory's refutation in his *Concept of Mind*, there is an admirable article in *Mind* by Mr. Anthony Quinton called *The Problem of Perception*, and, finally, the still unpublished lectures by Professor J. L. Austin called *Sense and Sensibilia* given at Oxford.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.11 KENNETH STERN

Sir,—Can Mr. Ewer and Mr. H. G. Wood (THE LISTENER, February 20) be answered as follows? Mr. Ewer says: 'Somewhere in space there has been a noise . . . resembling the noise which the record has just conveyed to my auditory organs'. The answer is 'No', the 'noise' started in Mr. Ewer's head; in space there were only vibrations of strings, reeds, brass, wood, drums, communicated to the air and conveyed as sound waves to Mr. Ewer's ear drums—and then Mr. Ewer did the rest. The intervention of a gramophone record makes no difference.

The same argument applies to our conception of a table, which undoubtedly 'exists', but what it is really like we can only swear to by our senses.—Yours, etc.,

Rickmansworth W. L. WOOD

Aids to Memory

Sir,—Mr. John Hale's talk printed in THE LISTENER of February 20, while helpful to orators, lawyers, schoolboys and others who can rely on the pressure of events to trigger off their feats of memory, leaves the ordinary citizen's main problem untouched. How is he to recall, when leaving or returning to his home with his head full of other worries, that he must pocket his latchkey, or dash down the garden with an armful of newspapers to protect his dahlias from the frost?

Once upon a time I was browsing in a bookshop when I happened upon a book setting out a memory system rather like those that Mr. Hale describes, and illustrating its technique in the first chapter with a simple (if rather unattractive) example. I can fully endorse the effectiveness of the method. After ten days of miserable failure to oust from my mind the gruesome list of the five commonest causes of death in the United States in order of merit, which had been only too successfully implanted in it, I went back to the shop and, as a matter of conscience, bought the book.

There was not time to finish it over the weekend, so it was enlisted as my companion for the train. I became fascinated with it: well worth the price, I thought, as I stepped out into the fresh air at my destination. A minute later it dawned on me that my accounts needed revision. On the debit side there would have to be added the cost of one umbrella, now being carried along ownerless into the next county.

If someone will propound a scheme to ring some mental bell on such occasions at the

moment when the first false step is being taken, I and ten thousand others will do our best to see him canonised.—Yours, etc.,

Guildford O. M. MEARES

Round the London Galleries

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of February 20 Mr. Lawrence Alloway suggests that I like neither Guido Reni's Adoration of the Shepherds nor the works of those artists who have contributed to the exhibition entitled 'The Exploration of Form'. This is inexact. I like the Guido and I said as much in my article. His other accusations are better founded. It is true that I consider the design of the Guido to be interesting and worthy of consideration. Manifestly, there is nothing in the painting that can adequately be considered without reference to its formal structure. Furthermore I would concede—if I may take the liberty of transposing Mr. Alloway's argument—that the inability to comprehend a truth so simple and so elementary may well be a qualification for those who attempt to discover form in that which, according to Mr. Alloway, has none.—Yours, etc.,

Newcastle upon Tyne QUENTIN BELL

'The Iliad'

Sir,—Mr. Gransden finds odd my reluctance to discuss with him the general issues involved in the business of putting Homer on the air. He may also have wondered why I chose to debate with him a secondary point: whether Ajax plus Ajax equals Aiantes, Ajaces, or Ajaxes. My description of the form 'Ajaxes' as 'illiterate' was misplaced, though I think it ungainly and unsoundly and, since it is only Ajax the Great, *i.e.* Ajax in the singular, who has been domesticated, also aggressively (and so distractingly) English.

I should have tackled the main point raised by his notice of the present series of readings from 'The Iliad', but I confess I shirked the rather ludicrous labour of defending Homer from Mr. K. W. Gransden. For that is what it amounts to. Your critic began by admitting his reluctance to listen to the series at all ('I can't pretend that the winged words found in me a very ready target'), then went on to question, whether 'very long narrative poetry' makes 'ideal radio material'. It depends on the poetry, certainly. I wouldn't answer for the effectiveness of, say, Glover's 'Leonides', and perhaps Sir Richard Blackmore's 'Alfred' might pall after a time. But a man telling a story well is usually allowed to be good radio. A man telling a story supremely well, with a passion and a truth and a humanity that neither the weight of time nor the inadequacies of modern English translation can seriously obstruct, should make supremely good radio—unless of course the presentation is crassly bad. Mr. Gransden is perfectly within his critical rights in finding our presentation so bad that it has succeeded merely in obstructing Homer. But that was not his point. To ask, as the radio critic in the *News Chronicle* did recently, why Homer should be confined to the Third Programme, seems to me reasonable; to wonder whether he should be broadcast at all seems—well, I allowed just now that I misplaced the word 'illiterate'. This, perhaps, is where it belongs.—Yours, etc.,

B.B.C., London, W.1 D. S. CARNE-ROSS
Talks Department

Gardening

Clematis and Hydrangeas

By F. H. STREETER

CLEMATIS needs cool and shade at the roots and something for the growths to cling to. The soil needs to be well drained, with an annual mulch of well-decayed manure. It was thought at one time that clematis would grow only on chalk, but this idea has long been exploded. The plants will thrive on light, sandy loam and even heavy clay that has been well prepared.

Clematis are not so particular as one might think as to aspect. Do not be afraid to try them in any position. What they must have is some support for the growths to cling to. The rate of growth is surprising, up to ten feet in a month or two, so if you could give them another climber, such as an ornamental vine, it would be ideal. You can easily pinch the shoots back on the vine if it grows too rank, so that the clematis flowers can show themselves in the light.

As to planting, they are generally sent out in pots from the nursery and can be safely planted any time from September until June. I always like to wash the soil away from the roots so that there is no hard ball of earth to get dry, and the roots quickly take to the new soil without any check. Leave the root crown about two inches below the surface.

Pruning clematis seems to trouble many gardeners. Clematis plants fall into two main sorts—those that flower in the spring and those that flower in the summer. The spring-flowering

ones, like Montana, should be thinned only after flowering, by taking out dead wood and just thinning the shoots, because they have to make their growths the year before flowering. This type make excellent plants for old fruit trees grown for effect rather than fruit. There are several different groups of summer-flowering clematis, but, in general, for early flowering, you thin the growths, and for summer displays you prune now, as soon as the buds are bursting, to within six inches of the base. Prune all newly planted clematis just above a joint six inches from the base.

The large-flowering Nellie Moser belongs to the Patens group. It flowers early in the summer, so it should be pruned in February by thinning the shoots only. If you want early flowers on Henryi, which belongs to the Lanuginosæ group, then thin the shoots—as for Nellie Moser—but if you want a summer display, cut them hard back in February. Do the same with the Jackmani and Viticellæ groups to get the summer display. If you want them to flower earlier you thin the growths and train them thinly over their support.

Hydrangeas prefer a lime-free soil, but the white and pink varieties will thrive where there is lime, especially if you can top-dress the plants every year with leaf soil or peat. The blue varieties must have lime-free soil at all costs.

Hydrangeas on limey soil will never 'blue';

even when they will 'blue' on the natural soil it is worth while to give a dressing of 10 lb. of aluminium sulphate (in three doses) to each plant during the season.

But there are other varieties of hydrangeas all too seldom seen. Take hydrangea paniculata grandiflora. This carries broad, pointed panicles of creamy-white flowers, turning to pink as they get older. This is a fine late-flowering shrub, and growing in groups between the rhododendrons or azaleas it is charming. This variety needs cutting hard back to three or four buds on each shoot in April. It also makes a fine pot plant. It roots easily from the young growths in a propagating case, kept shady and moist. Do not forget to prune it hard back in April when growing outside; earlier, of course, if you are growing in pots.

The climbing hydrangea—petiolaris or scandens as it sometimes called—is a most striking climber, specially for a northern or eastern aspect. It is self-clinging, throwing out its little roots which will cling to a wall or old tree stump, and needs no tying. It has heart-shaped, rich green leaves, changing to light yellow tinged with red in the autumn. The bark is also a pleasant brown. The flowers are white with the large male flowers on the outside. Give it a rich soil to start it off. It will grow twenty to thirty feet in time if it has room.

—From 'In Your Garden' (Network Three)

Historical Imagination

(continued from page 358)

the freedom of its will and becomes defeatist. I do not think it is an accident that Germany, the country which produced those great determinists, Karl Marx and Oswald Spengler, was the first and only country ever to surrender without a struggle to the first dictator who claimed to be sent by historical necessity. When people are conditioned to believe that historical processes are inevitable, then they tend to accept whatever happens, to give up the will to choose, to submit dumbly to whatever does happen—that is, to whatever some more active person, or group, or class, or nation chooses to do to them. It does not seem to me that it is the duty of a historian to encourage this process.

But if, as I believe, history is not determined, then, if we seek meaning or guidance in it, we must always be asking about the past, was this or that development, or event, necessary? Could it have been avoided? If so, at what point, and at what price? What was the alternative? But how can we possibly answer such a question if we keep merely to the official documents? Human decisions—or at least effective human decisions—are not made in a void. They may be made by articulate men, but to be effective they must take account of all the intangibles of politics, the illusions, the frustrations, the resentments, the interests and passions of inarticulate men.

And therefore if we are ever to say—and I believe that a historian must always seek to be able to say—whether at this or that point such or such a disaster could have been avoided, such or such an error corrected—or, alternatively, what disaster or error such or such an act of statesmanship prevented—we must always, and necessarily, seek to know the intangibles of the time. For I believe that the determining circumstances, the circumstances which make this or that decision necessary, or possible or impossible, are often to be found not in mere brute facts (nor, of course, in the will of God—we never know what that is) nor in the field of rational calculation ('it is a great mistake', as Francis Bacon, that great rationalist, said, 'to suppose men too rational'), but in the area of moods, prejudices and fears, the deep unspoken assumptions of anonymous men, below the level or outside the field of formal politics—the area which cannot be reached by mere study of the official documents but must be pierced by historical imagination seeking temporarily to lodge in the mind of the past, to reconstruct the image of its world, to breathe its atmosphere, to remember its accumulated deposit of experience, to share its sudden predicaments, all of which have long since evaporated, and to see them in its terms, not our own.

This is not what the historians of the past did, or sought to do, even the great historians. Perhaps they had not the same means of doing it as we have, now that the historical scientists have put so much material at our disposal. Perhaps their philosophy prevented them from doing it: believing in progress, they looked back somewhat condescendingly from the full light and freedom of the second or the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries on those darker centuries from which they had emerged, and did not deign to migrate into the moods of the past. But twentieth-century history is different. We have the advantages of vaster material; we have become, perforce, more humble about progress. Moreover we look to history not merely, like our ancestors, for noble examples, or diversion, but for guidance—that, I think, is something new in our days—history has become a branch of purposive education. Therefore let us remember that merely to reconstruct the dead elements of the past is not enough. It is as if we were to judge the problems of the nineteen-thirties merely from those formal documents without that film. If history is not to fall under its own ever-increasing dead weight, we must always add to its scientific results that necessary extra dimension without which it is incomplete: historical imagination.—*Third Programme*

Art

Paul Gauguin: Voluptuary or Revolutionary?

By DOUGLAS COOPER

A NEW type of monograph designed to appeal to an alert, middle-brow public has recently been launched on the world from America. The latest example is Mr. Robert Goldwater's *Gauguin**. The formula is simple: a longish introductory text, in which the artist's life, work and ideas are discussed and evaluated, this text being presented discontinuously 'owing to innumerable black-and-white reproductions; then a group of some fifty oil paintings reproduced in colour on a generous scale, each accompanied by an explanatory note, and perhaps (as here) an additional group of graphic works also in colour.

To the publisher, the advantage of this formula is that it 'bulks', thereby justifying a high price. It appeals to the public because it is a lavish picture book which nevertheless appears all-embracing and serious. But to the conscientious author it presents real difficulties of arrangement because he is expected to provide all the relevant facts, has to break up his argument, and must still produce a series of intelligent commentaries which are lively, instructive and readable. Yet this formula offers splendid possibilities, for the author can generalise in his introduction and then, while applying his theorems to specific pictures, introduce related ideas and comparative material for which he would otherwise have no place. In other words the author should see himself in the second half in the role of 'docent', to use an Americanism, assisting a non-specialist public to look at pictures intelligently. This is perhaps the most difficult part of all, for so much depends on an intelligent choice of plates and on the author's ability to chart a progressive development and expand clearly and logically his personal point of view. Here Mr. Goldwater fails.

From a popular point of view Mr. Goldwater's book seems to offer a great deal. The plates are numerous and—with a few notable exceptions—clear. Plenty of popular favourites have been included, the subject-matter is pleasing and the idiom easily understood. And, lastly, nudes abound, there is an aroma of exoticism and mystery, and the colours are pretty and bright. But does the choice of plates add up to a balanced picture of Gauguin's impressive *œuvre*? Will the reader of this volume end up by understanding why Gauguin painted what he did in the way he did, and will he have a fair idea of his historical importance? To all these questions my answer is 'No'. Almost two-thirds of the colour plates—not always chosen with discrimination—are devoted to works of the two Tahitian visits. Of course, these have the most popular appeal, but they are not, after all, as Mr. Goldwater explains, the pictures in which Gauguin made his 'revolutionary' contribution.

In his sensible introduction, Mr. Goldwater recognises that 'Gauguin's characteristic style was born in Brittany' in 1888-90, 'when he turned from Impressionism to "symbolism"', and goes on to point out that in his pictures

of these two years Gauguin's 'method of creation and its implications mark a break with the past and the beginning of a modern tradition'. Why then is this vitally important aspect of his work so inadequately represented? Where are such symbolist-synthetist masterpieces as the 'Arlésiennes Going to Church', the 'Self-Portrait with a Halo' (incomprehensible in monochrome), 'Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane' or 'Breton Peasants Gathering Seaweed'? Why omit daring original conceptions



'Self-portrait with Halo' (1889): one of the illustrations in Mr. Goldwater's *Gauguin*

such as 'The Wave' and 'The Cliff'? Why is the representation of still-life—at which Gauguin excelled—so meagre?

These lacunae are the more surprising in view of Mr. Goldwater's repeated admissions—fully substantiated by the pictures he has chosen—that Gauguin's later Tahitian pictures are 'softer', 'more graceful', 'less bold (and so less influential in the future)' than those of 1888-90.

But the explanation, I suppose, is enshrined in his explanatory notes, where it emerges that for all that he is willing to pay lip service in his introduction to the importance of Gauguin's synthetist phase, when he is confronted with the pictures themselves Mr. Goldwater finds them 'programmatic' and distasteful. He has made up his mind that Gauguin was by inclination 'an Impressionist' and a nature painter, and that he took a wrong turning when he 'rejected' the visual approach of Impressionism in favour of 'an abstract, conceptual idiom'. Gauguin,

according to this author, was born accursed, and so he was always taking decisions 'in a capricious and ironic way' which were destined to lead him to suffering and disaster. Synthetism, it seems, was the result of one such decision, and Gauguin spent the rest of his life absorbing and subduing it in order to get back to 'painting what lay before him' instead of 'rendering his mind's image'. Mr. Goldwater cannot deny that Gauguin 'gave up financial security', 'made sacrifices for his art' and 'both spiritually and physically he suffered to go on painting'. But however regrettable, these were 'self-created' misfortunes, and we are asked to envisage rather an 'epicurean' and a 'voluptuary' who sailed away 'to live in an exotic and luxuriant Isle of Cythera in the South Seas' because he had 'a highly dramatic sense of the role he played for what he fondly hoped was a watching world'. This view surely does great injustice to the fortitude of a dedicated artist with an obsessive vision who risked and dared everything to express it pictorially.

Not content with misjudging Gauguin's character, Mr. Goldwater is also apt to make nonsense of his art. Having quite rightly pointed out in his introduction that 'the flattening of Impressionist space'—already shallow enough—was an essential characteristic of Gauguin's work after 1888, he persists throughout his notes in emphasising the 'deep space', the 'recession' or 'the conscious presentation of a spatial continuum' which he professes to see in pictures which could hardly be more severely flattened. On page 90 he talks (wrongly) of objects 'viewed from above, and so seen in depth', whereas on page 108 a view from above 'eliminates the horizon thereby bringing the background forward'. Elsewhere a 'Self-Portrait' is labelled 'impressionist' because its 'aim is to present a cold analysis of a material world'.

Once again the public is offered a blurred image of an important French painter. So much which would be of real interest and use to a serious reader in search of enlightenment remains unsaid, while factual errors—the 'Breton Peasant Women' (Munich) which is clearly dated 1886 is assigned to 1888 without discussion, and the four-page biographical chronology is very erratic—are plentiful. But where Mr. Goldwater serves both the artist and his readers least well is in his failure to point up Gauguin's daring, perseverance, intellectual capacity and unmistakable achievements. For he revolted not only against the materialism of man-made civilisation but more specifically against the hollowness and illusionism of sophisticated art. And it was this unique combination which gave him his vital importance as a beggetter of twentieth-century art.

On March 14 the Faber Gallery will be adding to their list *Gauguin* (Second Collection), with an introduction and notes by Pierre Courthion (Faber, 15s.). The book contains ten colour plates. *Gauguin* (First Collection) was by Sir Herbert Read.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

A Victorian Eminence: The Life and Works of Henry Thomas Buckle.

By Giles St. Aubyn. Barrie Books. 25s.

THIS, THE FIRST really adequate biography of Buckle, appears ninety-six years after his death. The historian's first official biographer, Emily Sherriff, abandoned the task when she discovered that his life had not been entirely blameless, though his weaknesses were nothing more uncommon than mild vanity, occasional dissembling, and a regular mistress in St. John's Wood. Academic persons have been slow to dedicate themselves to the study of an 'amateur', for Buckle, though rich, attended neither public school nor university college. He was a self-educated man.

Born in Kent in 1821, Buckle was the only son of a shipowner of staunch Anglican and Tory views. He came to reject his father's opinions in favour of Free Thought and radicalism, but it was from his father that he inherited, at the age of nineteen, the fortune—some £20,000—which enabled him to devote his life to the cultivation and exposition of liberal ideas. Unlike John Stuart Mill, who became his great friend, Buckle showed no precocious intellectual talent. He could not read until he was eight; at sixteen he had read little except Shakespeare and Bunyan and the Arabian Nights. True, he had been to a private school for a time and even won a mathematics prize, but at the age of fourteen he asked if he might leave, and his parents, always afraid that his health was too delicate to be exposed to the strain of education, acceded to his wish. For a short while he was, however, forced to work in his father's office, but the father's death soon enabled him to abandon all concern about a livelihood, and he set out with his mother to travel on the Continent. There he discovered in himself a singular linguistic talent; before he was thirty he could, Mr. St. Aubyn says, 'read eighteen foreign languages, and speak and write at least six of them'. Travel enlarged his mind enormously; what he saw abroad turned him into a radical; his talent for languages turned him into a scholar; and the lazy youth grew quickly into an immensely industrious man.

The wish to write a history of the Middle Ages first came to him when he was twenty; but gradually, as he amassed material for this work, it was transformed into a design for a history of civilisation. He was also bitten by the bug of historicism. When he had been at the book for some years he wrote to a friend: 'I have long been convinced that the progress of every people is regulated by principles—or, as they are called, Laws—as regular and as certain as those which govern the physical world. To discover those laws is the object of my work'.

Mr. St. Aubyn is suspicious (as well he might be) of Buckle's historicism; but he nevertheless insists that the *History* is a work of genius, 'suggestive, vigorous, instructive and readable'. Few readers will dissent from this judgement. For whatever is wrong with Buckle's work as history, it is superb as literature. The great pity is that it is unfinished; hardly even a fragment, but, rather, as Mr. St. Aubyn says, 'a fragment

of a fragment'. Buckle died when he was only forty-one.

He was a systematic worker; and wherever he was, he read and wrote for a fixed number of hours every day. He bought, and carefully marked, a great number of books, and in his library at home there was a desk he had specially designed so that he could reach for many of his books without leaving his chair. He longed for popularity, and said he would rather be praised in 'vulgar papers than in scholarly publications'; but he believed that the only sound way to win popularity was to cultivate excellence of literary style. He achieved the popularity he desired; for the publication of the first volume of his *History* made him a literary lion at the age of thirty-six. It seems that success did not alter his personality in any way. After his death one of his closest friends wrote: 'There were two Buckles—one cold and unfeeling as Fate; who invariably took the highest and widest view; to whom the good of the individual was as nothing compared to the good of the mass. . . . The other Buckle was tender, and capable of feeling every vibration of a little child's heart; self-sacrificing to a degree which he would have blamed in another; and habitually concentrating his great intellect on the consequences of individual actions to the actor'. All the evidence Mr. St. Aubyn has accumulated for this excellent biography confirms the truth of those few words.

Armies and Men: A Study of American Military History. By Walter Millis. Cape. 25s.

Mr. Millis announces his book as a commentary on the history of American military policy since the American Revolution, rather than as a history of that policy as such. It is in fact a not entirely successful attempt to merge a detailed account of American military—including naval and air force—developments since the eighteenth century with a general analysis of the changing nature of war, and of the cumulative effects of war upon the national state, during the same period. There are some phases in the story in which American problems and experiences made positive contributions to the evolution of war and of the state and in which the two studies interlock logically and naturally. This is true of the American Revolution itself; this contributed directly to the changes of the period up to 1815 which shattered the eighteenth-century conception of war by nationalising and popularising it. It is true of the American Civil War; this, if not the first of modern wars, was nevertheless of great significance in marking and in accelerating the transition to total war. More frequently, however, the history of American policy is the history of America's reaction to developments taking place elsewhere; and still more frequently of America's failure to understand those developments. In these cases the author's analysis of his first subject tends to interrupt the development of his second and more general theme. Good examples of this are the detailed accounts of the entry of the United States into the first and the second world wars.

The damage is less than it might have been

because Mr. Millis has based the framework of his book and its chapter divisions upon the development of warfare in general. What he has to say about this, moreover, is not merely the background to his account of American policy. Despite the intrusions and diversions which are frequently involved in the account of American policy, it provides a general analysis of the changes that have come over the nature of warfare in the past 150 years, and of the causes and the effects of those changes, that surpasses in understanding, brilliance and cogency any other book on the subject that this reviewer has yet read. Space does not permit a summary of the author's arguments, and no summary could do justice to them. What must be said is that no one interested in this field or in modern history in general should neglect the book; and it will be a thousand pities if potential readers are misled by its sub-title into thinking that it limits itself to American history.

Three Steps to Victory. By Sir Robert Watson-Watt. Odhams. 30s.

Radar was the most decisive scientific weapon of the second world war. It had an essential part in the defeat of the Luftwaffe and the U-boats: Germany, the leader of the aggressors, was beaten, and Japan was in a state of disintegration, before the first atomic bomb was dropped.

The chief creator of this revolutionary weapon is Sir Robert Watson-Watt. By virtue of his achievement he is one of the most remarkable figures of his generation. His own account of his life, and how he accomplished a master-work, is therefore of historic interest. By far the largest part of this big book consists of an unflagging attempt to trace all the origins of the invention and development, so that the merit of the contributions of the many who had a hand in it should be justly appreciated. Though the book is not technical, the striving for exact expression of fine shades of opinion has made the story rather involved. This has enhanced its value but made it less easy to read.

His detailed description of his own contribution has indirectly provided an account of how science is utilised in the modern world, which is as important as scientific and technical discovery itself. Radar, like the other great scientific developments of our time, is not just a collection of scientific discoveries and instruments. It is a system in which the leadership of teams of research workers, the management of engineering production and the persuasion of statesmen to ensure its proper use, are as necessary as the inventions. Sir Robert has shown a unique combination of qualities which enabled him to create radar as a unified organisation which could be placed at the service of the nation, not as a jumble of technical tricks but as a flexible system capable of solving a multitude of different problems. Besides being a good research scientist and a capable engineer, he had the particular human qualities that were needed to persuade different kinds of men, from laboratory assistants to prime-ministers, to work for the creation of the system.

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In this connection, Sir Robert's account of his youth is very interesting. He is the son of a carpenter from Brechin in Scotland, and is descended from those Aberdonian Watts who have produced not only Sir Robert, but James Watt himself. Sir Robert's sound education in the local school and academy, his scholarships and prizes at University College, Dundee, and his tribute to his teachers, show how completely he is a product of the Scottish cultural tradition: This may well be the most important source of his achievement. That tradition is more democratic than the English, and it helped him to understand and manage many sorts of men. But it also brought him into collision with some of the greatest Cambridge aristocrats of science. Watson-Watt arose from the same sources as J. M. Barrie. He is a kind of scientific Peter Pan with a whimsical and punning style which can infuriate the classicist scientists. These will find his book written according to canons which are by no means theirs.

Sir Robert has shed light not only on himself, but on the processes in contemporary social life by which science becomes useful to man on a decisive scale. No topic is for us more important.

There are excellent illustrations of the persons and places of Sir Robert's youth, the leading personalities in the creation of radar, the early radar stations and the country laboratories where the original secret work was carried out.

Words for the Wind. Selected Poems by Theodore Roethke.

Secker and Warburg. 15s.

Mr. Roethke was born in 1908. The poems in the first part of this book are selected from the work of the last fifteen years or so; those in part two are new. Whether or not the reader is familiar with Mr. Roethke's work he will find here evidence of the steady development of an entirely original writer.

One is perhaps too conditioned to American poets being both intellectual and urban, and it is almost with astonishment that one realises Mr. Roethke is American. There are more reasons for this than his subject matter. His language is a simple natural pure English which owes nothing to contemporary jargon, his rhythm is a delicate iambic which if it owes any allegiance owes it to Emily Dickinson. Mr. Roethke is deeply mystically concerned with man's affinity to nature—particularly to plant life and the life of small creatures, but his micrometric awareness has no moral overtones as in Wordsworth, he could never write 'let nature be your teacher':

What rustles in the fern?
I feel my flesh divide.
Things lost in sleep return
As if out of my side,

Mr. Roethke is continually putting our humanness to the test. When he writes of a snake:

I longed to be that thing,
The pure, sensuous form.
And I may be, sometime.

It is possible to interpret the last line not only as a physical possibility for another life but as an imaginative reality in this one. But an analysis of Roethke's attitude ultimately defeats its object, for he is a true poet, and the poems themselves are what he is.

He is only uneasy when deliberately writing 'lighter poems and poems for children' and

this is a small section of the book a reader may well omit. But the rest of the new poems are the mature work of a poet writing at his best with a disciplined lyrical delight.

I stand with standing stones.
The stones stay where they are.
The twiney winders wind;
The little fishes move.
A ripple wakes the pond.

This joy's my fall. I am!—
A man rich as a cat,
A cat in the fork of a tree,
When she shakes out her hair.
I think of that and laugh.

All innocence and wit,
She keeps my wishes warm;
When, easy as a beast,
She steps along the street,
I start to leave myself . . .

There is no living poet who writes like Theodore Roethke; there are no comparisons to make. Like Walter de la Mare he is a unique phenomenon; he will found no school, he can have no imitators. One should simply be grateful and see to it that his poems are as widely read as possible.

Lieutenant in Algeria

By Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber.
Hutchinson. 16s.

M. Servan-Schreiber, an ex-Gaulliste, became a journalist after the war, and now edits his own paper, *L'Express*. In 1956 he volunteered, as a reserve officer, for service in North Africa, and has now written a penetrating and disturbing analysis of the Algerian campaign. His thesis is, roughly, that the ineptitude of French colonial policy has turned what might have remained a mere rebellion into a full-scale revolutionary war, and that the combating of terrorism by savage and vindictive reprisals has set up a vicious circle from which neither side is able or willing to escape. The only hope of a satisfactory outcome, Mr. Schreiber considers, lies in a policy of contacts and collaboration with the Moslem population; such was the aim of the 'Black Commandos', a *maquisard* organisation established within the framework of the army, and pledged to 'restore a feeling of confidence in the Algerian people and to make conditions unsafe for the *fellagha* (terrorists)'. Yet the Commandos (with whom Schreiber himself served) were foredoomed to almost certain failure: frowned upon by the High Command, they were even less popular with the wog-hating jacks-in-office of the colonial administration.

The tale is a saddening one, but it is by no means unique; basically, it amounts to the old story of corruption, wire-pulling and muddle in high places, actuated by an endemic xenophobia: the traditional pattern, in fact, of colonialism backed by military force. Nor are M. Schreiber's strictures upon the French Army without their parallels: he deplores, for example, the iniquities and stupidities of ambitious generals; but who has ever written a war book in which the brass-hats did not, ultimately (and usually with some justification) take back the can? Again, many of us will recognise, among M. Schreiber's vivid portraits of his fellow-soldiers, a number of types familiar from our own experience in the Forces: Martin, the breezy, 'Sapper'-like hearty, seeing everything in terms of black and white, and lumping wogs and communists to-

gether as the common enemy; Julianne, the idealist, whose professional ambition is perpetually in conflict with his ethical scruples; C.S.M. Gumbert, the ferocious nationalist and crypto-fascist, who is none the less honest, brave, and reliable; or the handsome, hot-headed Private Geronimo, inseparable from his tommy-gun, and perpetually aware of the 'tenfold increase in virility which his long, hard weapon gave him'. On the other hand, the British service- (or ex-service-) man may well raise his eyebrows at the wholly unselfconscious and loudly voiced patriotism of his French counterpart, which has no parallel this side of the Channel.

This is the book of a journalist—though of a first-rate one—and its intention is frankly polemical. If the total effect seems rather inconclusive, this is less the fault of M. Schreiber than of the situation with which he is dealing. His narrative is fast-moving and vigorous, though he adopts a somewhat jerky technique of *montage* and over-frequent flash-backs which is apt to be confusing.

British Pressure Groups: Their Role in Relation to the House of Commons

By J. D. Stewart. Oxford. 30s.

Lobbying is possibly regarded by many English people as a purely American phenomenon. In fact it flourishes wherever a party political system allows of it. But whereas in the United States the activities of so-called 'pressure groups' have already been the subject of several books, Mr. Stewart is the first to study similar activities in this country. He defines lobbying as 'approaches to M.P.s on a large scale by outside organisations', and he deals as well with more selective forms of 'pressure'. Distinguishing between the 'sectional group'—e.g. the T.U.C. or the National Farmers' Union—and the 'cause group'—e.g. the Lord's Day Observance Society—he takes about fifty unions, associations, and societies of one kind or the other, and describes what they do.

The matter is of everybody's concern. The success of certain causes might well fetter our freedom, and all would be the worse off if some group obtained economic advantages. Mr. Stewart is alive to the dangers, but he is confident that the loyalty which an English political party commands must always give it the strength to resist the excessive demands of a group. He doubts if the sectional and national interests have so far seriously conflicted. While he is not ingenuous enough to imagine that any English government can claim unchallenged to know what the general interest is, he does not face the question of how far a party government, particularly one committed to the service of an ideology, is itself the promoter of what it conceives to be the interests of a class, i.e. a group.

His book would have been more enlightening had he borne in mind that groups have at least dual parts to play in the body politic. They have demands, but many also gain authority and attract loyalty. Although this does not undermine the authority and supremacy of the state, it should restrain the assertion of them. And that must be to the general advantage. Professor Max Beloff wrote in 1954: 'If the State is not omnipotent and omniscient in the North Atlantic democracies as it is, for instance, in Soviet Russia, this cannot be ascribed solely to constitutional guarantees. . . .

It is much more important that in these countries new independent agglomerations of power have replaced the privileged groups of the eighteenth century. Whether it be a business corporation, a trade union, the regional or national cohesiveness of some minority group, a church, a professional organisation, or a university, the existence of such an independent focus of authority and loyalty involves a limitation upon the absolutism of the state.' Mr. Stewart has been sensible to concentrate on a single aspect of the subject. Because, however, he gives no sign of being aware of the other role of groups, his book is out of focus. He does not mention the churches, but they are 'pressure groups'; yesterday the Church of England over Welsh disestablishment and church schools, and over church schools again today the Church of Rome. At the same time the churches influence the state morally, restraining the materialism of its assertion of power. And that was never more desirable than at present when the most far-reaching change in political life has been the expansion of the power in the hands of the executive.

Miss Howard and the Emperor

By Simone André Maurois, translated by Humphrey Hare. Collins. 18s.

Historians have always been a little perplexed by the problem of Miss Howard, the mistress of the man who became Napoleon III, and whom later he abandoned in favour of Eugénie de Montijo. Who was she? Where did she come from? Did she really finance the *coup d'état*? and, if so, where did her money come from? Mme André Maurois has at last answered the questions, and an odd tale it is.

Elizabeth Haryett was the child of respectable people in East Anglia. Stage-struck at the age of sixteen she eloped to London with a well-known steeplechase jockey, Jem Mason, by whose help she became, under the name of Harriet Howard, a small-part actress and a brilliant horsewoman. She was of great beauty and within two years she passed to Major Mountjoy Martyn, a wealthy Lifeguardsman, who made a handsome settlement on her, which he later increased when Elizabeth bore him a boy. Then, in 1846, she was presented to the Bonapartist claimant Louis Napoleon, recently escaped from the fortress of Ham, and fell deeply in love. She abandoned Major Martyn and, with the wealth he had endowed her, financed the pretender. After 1848 she accompanied him to Paris, placing her fortune at his disposal up to the proclamation of the Empire in 1852. From then, her link with the Emperor weakened. He needed a marriage, if not with royalty, at least with a woman of rank. So he wedded the lovely Eugénie and gradually paid off his debts to his mistress, from whom he separated. She retired to the Château de Beauregard near Marly-le-Roi from which she appropriated the title. With this her part in political history ends. She married an unsatisfactory Englishman, and lived a lonely and equivocal existence until her early death in 1865, an existence alleviated by her friendship with Lord Hertford, his illegitimate son Sir Richard Wallace, and a few other acquaintances.

Miss Howard's life ought by all the rules to be a subject of romantic conjecture and psychological speculation. The basis for this does not seem to exist. While the Prince's mistress she was discretion itself. There is no hint that she inter-

fered in politics. Even when on the point of being discarded, her behaviour was far from outrageous. The tale with its ramifications, which extend to the Wallace Collection, should have been exciting, but in spite of Mme Maurois' industry, Elizabeth Ann Haryett, Harriet Howard, Madame la Comtesse de Beauregard et de Béchevêt remains a shadowy figure.

Klee. A Study of his Life and Work

By G. di San Lazzaro.

Thames and Hudson. 28s.

Since the war, as a result on the one hand of technical developments in production, and on the other hand of international co-operation in publishing and distribution, a new type of book has appeared which offers to the public a luxurious volume at a ridiculously low price. The present volume is an example. It has nearly four hundred illustrations, of which no less than eighty are in colour. Colour and black-and-white illustrations and text are alike reproduced by an offset process on the same matt paper, which gives to the volumes a distant resemblance to a medieval manuscript. At any rate, here is a new phenomenon in publishing, and it is designed to give pleasure to a large number of people.

Klee's art is peculiarly suited to the process. He painted on the scale of the medieval manuscript, and even the larger pictures which he produced towards the end of his life rarely exceeded thirty by forty inches; the majority of his works are only a quarter of this size. None of them loses much in the reduction required for a book measuring about six by eight inches. No colour reproductions are exact, but what the offset process loses in sharpness of definition it gains in overall tonality, and one must not expect perfection in a mechanical process. The general effect of the book is delightful, and it should do much to bring to a wider public the work of one of the greatest of modern artists.

The text does not add anything to our knowledge of Klee's life and work, but it is a clear summary of our existing knowledge and presents this in a readable style.

The Eye Goddess. By O. G. S. Crawford.

Phoenix House. 50s.

In Syria, at Tell Brak, the temple of an 'Eye Goddess' was excavated in 1937-38. It belonged to the fourth millennium B.C. and was so named from a peculiar emphasis on the eyes in many of the cult figurines which were discovered (several of these tiny, excessively eyed figurines are now on view in the British Museum). The late O. G. S. Crawford argues that this Syrian eye goddess centralised, so to say, an agricultural fertility worship. She was a nature mother, local counterpart of the goddess Ishtar of Mesopotamia: she was the embodied concentration of the vital desires of men who lived by rudimentary farming.

By the eyes and necklace and breasts and pattern-elements including the pubic triangle Mr. Crawford thinks she can be traced west through the Mediterranean, south-west to the Canaries, north-west by way of Iberia and Brittany to the British Isles; south and south-west to the Niger Bend and perhaps into Ethiopia. Here, then, would be the explanation, at our end of the route of migration or route of influences, of the debased patterns, the fragmentary spirals and the apparent eye-marks

engraved on rocks and on the stones of more than one burial-chamber. As far as Spain and Portugal the eye goddess keeps, for example, her multiple eyebrows: then, to the north, her image goes to bits and becomes in rough scrawlings only its own ghost; persisting, all the same.

Simply as reading, a book of this kind is bound to be a heap of evidence ordered for a conclusion, a heap piled up for a case. Yet this compost is permeated by the author's character as well as his intention; by his equally proper enthusiasm and scepticism—or caution, at least. Cautiously, also boldly, the whole vast affair is united by his synoptic grasp, from the goddess of Tell Brak to a Syrian charm with eyes which drivers hang in their cars, from pot-handles and standing stones to an English corn dolly or a St. Bridget's Shape under the ebony thatch of an Irish cabin.

Artur Schnabel. A Biography. By César Saerchinger. Cassell. 36s.

By the time he died in 1951 Schnabel had become widely known. Without ever being a popular pianist, for his approach to the art of interpretation was too severe, too virginal for that kind of marriage with the public, he was much cherished by the more intelligent listeners. He never struck one as being a virtuoso and it is interesting to discover from this book that he never wished so to be considered. He was a great pianist but above all he was a remarkable interpretative artist, narrow in range but within the area canalised by his sympathies (Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms almost exclusively) very impressive. Fortunately for us today Schnabel belongs to the start of the mechanically effective gramophone era. Unlike Busoni who so tantalisingly stops just short of recorded music, Schnabel has left sufficient signs of his vivid manner of interpretation.

Schnabel was often in London and those who heard him then will recapture in this book echoes of the 'thirties. Among his entourage was the author of this book. César Saerchinger was in constant attendance but did not seem as closely identified as were the more vociferous admirers. For all his evident delight in Schnabel's playing and in his conversation, which one recalls as a bright, dogmatic monologue, Saerchinger retained his own transatlantic twinkle of humour. That appears in the present biography giving it a pleasant savour.

The Family Life of Old People: An Inquiry in East London

By Peter Townsend.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

Mr. Peter Townsend must be a very nice man. The strong impression left on the reviewer by this readable study of the lives of old people in Bethnal Green is one of sympathy, of an investigator who is deeply interested in the lives and the problems of the people he is investigating, who can get them to talk freely to him and who takes pleasure in their individualities and their quirks. The arrangement of his book is admirable; the main questions are clearly set out, there is sufficient statistical material given to show that he has done his sociological homework, together with sufficient quotation to bring the lives of his old people vividly before the reader—the sample diaries given in Appendix 3 being particularly illuminating.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

News and Opinion

WHETHER OR NOT it adds to or subtracts from the impact of the news to have the man reading it before your very eyes is a question we needn't, thank heaven, bother about any more because, for better or for worse, there, thrice nightly, every night, they are. Divorce is no longer possible.

But what about the men who make the news? Last week it was Mr. Truman and Mr. Bevan, this week it was Mr. Macmillan as the guest in 'Press Conference', a week after returning from his Commonwealth tour. Whatever in the Prime Minister one may attribute the great success of this broadcast to, being able to see him in close-up was obviously an important part of it. His famous air of unruffled concentration, of calm deliberation, is one which radio, for all its accenting of what is actually said, could not hope to convey. Only by seeing that impassive face bearing down on the questioner may one enjoy the full irony contained in his replies: '... A conventional war would not only be disagreeable, but would have the added disadvantage that we should lose it', or, of the economic situation before he left, 'We hadn't got to the depression then ... things change so quickly'.

A dignified, mild note, information-seeking rather than attacking, was struck and held throughout by the questioning trio, Mr. Shonfield, Mr. Tyerman, and Mr. Freeman, who touched lightly but systematically on some of the chief problems facing the various countries that Mr. Macmillan had visited on his tour; and their questions were interspersed with a few reminiscent snatches of film. Only in the last minute did Mr. Shonfield lunge forward with a thrust aimed below the belt about the Liberal poll at Rochdale, and this was so gracefully parried that it left all three inquisitors apparently beaming their congratulations while to martial music the credit titles flashed on the screen.

The main point to emerge was the new conception of the Commonwealth gained by Mr.

Macmillan during his long and strenuous journey. He had set out—and here he shrugged apologetically—imagining its members to be loosely held together by tradition; but as he went from country to country he became conscious of an incalculable depth of feeling, of a free and vital association. 'It is always difficult with Indians', he said, 'to know the difference between courtesy and agreement, but I felt towards the end we did get very close to real agreement'. If you substitute 'interviewers' for 'Indians' in that sentence, you have a fair summing-up of the after-taste of this absorbing exchange.

I noticed that it was produced, whatever that wide term may mean in this connection, by Huw Wheldon, who is also the editor and anchor-man of 'Monitor', the flourishing new programme about the arts now approaching its third number on Sunday; who also does the explaining in 'Facts and Figures' from which one finds oneself painlessly learning so much. A busy feller. He has a knack for putting knotty documentary stuff across with great clarity, and in this late-night series, with the aid of little movable drawings of bags of gold and other symbols by Alfred Wurmser, initiating us into some of the simpler rites of economics.

But this week the subject, prepared by Frank Blackaby, the enormously interesting one of audience research as carried out by the B.B.C. and the measurement of public opinion here and in America, involved too many merely human factors and raised too many big general questions to respond at all readily to such diagrammatic treatment. It needs to be tackled again in a live form with sociologists who specialise in this kind of work giving their views on methods, on the accuracy of the

statistics obtained and the kind of inferences that may be drawn from them, and O.B. excerpts of people being stopped in the street and given questionnaires to answer. It has surely wonderful possibilities for both comedy and pathos, as well as showing what every viewer wants to know, how the B.B.C. assesses his reactions; and when it is explored again on a grander scale I hope very much that Mr. Wheldon, if he has time, will be in the chair.

'Documentary' is such a forbidding word that one can hardly bear to use it in conjunction with James Fisher's lovely study of 'The



The Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, in 'Press Conference' on February 21, being interviewed by (left to right) Andrew Shonfield, John Freeman, and Donald Tyerman

Fulmar' in 'Look' this week. Mr. Fisher's special affection for this bird, which he has had under scrutiny for many years, shone through this warm-hearted and enjoyable programme. 'Look' is always worth watching, but this was outstanding.

From the remote isolation of the Hebrides we returned two nights later to the mainland and made a swift descent into the heart of the John Osborne country in the first of the new series of 'Eye to Eye': here the cameras poked their lenses very thoroughly indeed into what it is like backstage in a revue company that is always 'On Tour'. We watched the cheerful hooper's life from within: 'If you don't like a place you're only there for a week, and if you do like a place you've got a whole week', as one placid member of the company put it. Landladies, two hours' wait at Crewe, jealousy over billing, golfing jokes—we have been through it all many times before, but thanks to some neat angle-photography, some brisk cutting and a trick of dubbing voices against the pictures (thus obviating a lot of phony dialogue) on the part of the North Region Film Unit, it was a pleasure to go through it all again.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

Scotch and Sympathy

THE DIFFERENCE that can be made to the value of a play by variations in casting was exemplified in the case of Daphne du Maurier's 'September Tide' (February 18), produced as a stage play in 1948. This is the story of Mrs. Martyn, a widow with a harbour-side home in Cornwall. She has a young son in the Navy and a daughter, just married to a Chelsea-type of rising painter. Mrs. Martyn's solitude is not to be relieved by a local suitor, a man as dull as he is decent. Her daughter and her son-in-law arrive for their first visit and the mother and the man become mutually attracted.

Mrs. Martyn is no sex-tortured wretch who would seduce a son-in-law. But she finds him to be a feckless, nervy, impractical character who can only cope with life if there is a bottle by his side. Since his wife is a nice little silly who is no coper herself, Mrs. Martyn treats the artist to generous tots of Scotch and sympathy: she is, rashly no doubt, dodging her own lone-



'Eye to Eye: On Tour', on February 21: members of a touring revue company on one of their Sunday journeys from town to town



Catherine Lacey (left) as Mrs. Solness, Mai Zetterling as Hilda Wangel, and Donald Wolfitt as Halvard Solness in 'The Master Builder' on February 23



Scene from 'September Tide' with (left to right) Perlita Neilson as Cherry, Jane Baxter as Stella, Donald Houston as Evan Davies, and Jack Allen as Robert

liness and releasing a frustrated maternal impulse. As soon as her son is back from the sea with a damaged leg, he, having to be cared for, is the man who matters.

It is essential, therefore, that the artist should appear as a tense, nervy, likable but unreliable bit of young Chelsea, one who can manage his paint-brush much better than he can manage his life. Michael Gough, who created the part in the theatre, had just that kind of *farouche* frailty: he obviously needed looking after. Donald Houston is an excellent actor, but his personality radiated common-sensible strength. So the artist did not seem for a moment to need all that Scotch and all Mrs. Martyn's sympathy. With this casting, the television production by Eric Tayler had the wrong twist. The mutual affection suggested an ordinary, and under the circumstances rather ugly, affair, and the true quality of the Du Maurier story was missed.

Jane Baxter gave the screen a modestly quiet picture of a good woman behaving more foolishly than culpably, where Gertrude Lawrence once glittered on the stage with star-quality. Jack Allen as the faithful spaniel at Mrs. Martyn's heels, with Perlita Neilson and Brian Smith as the young Martyns, added excellent contributions. Incidentally, the artist sneers at the Royal Academy, which is all in character. Why, then, give us a glimpse of his pictures which intimated that he was himself trying to be an Academician of the old school.

A second instalment of 'More Than Robbery' (February 19) left me still mystified as to who is doing what to whom. If the object of this exercise on the verge of the Malayan jungle is to mystify, the author, Raymond Bowers, is enjoying a triumph.

In 'The Age of Innocence', a short play by Denis Constanduros (February 20), coming from the West of England studio, we met a husband for whom Mr. Wodehouse's Mr. Wooster would be needed to supply the right terms. Was there ever such a twerp, wart, drip, or blister? While the man's attractive wife, victim of one mis-carriage, was fearing a second he let himself be set upon by a shameless and tiresome girl who was staying in the house. Her amorous antics were so blatant and so idiotic

that any man who was not the aforesaid drip or blister would have slapped her down and put her out in ten minutes: as it was, the wife had to rise from her bed and put the baggage on the doorstep.

Stephen Murray did all that could be done for the dithering husband, but he is far too fine an actor to be wasted on such a part; Jane Barrett, as the wife, had something to play and did it with a charming skill. For the author's defence it could be said that his story would have seemed more reasonable if the production and performance of the girl's part had been toned down to make her seductive technique less grotesquely obvious.

There must be millions who would like to see Wilfred Pickles build up a big success with his television series called 'Caxton's Tales'; he himself plays the part of a jobbing printer who combines a business, which seemed to be run in a somewhat haphazard way, with collecting bric-à-brac, which reasonably annoyed his wife who has to dust his cluttered shelves. The character of Caxton, in an episode called 'The Red Knight' (February 21) emerged as a rather thin version of the genial, down-to-earth Pickles personality. The story was thin, too. The half-hour left me suffering from smile-starvation; but I retain my appetite and my expectation of a richer diet to come.

'Comedy on a Bridge', on the same night, was an operetta about stranded civilians held

up by sentries and being extremely vocal about this nuisance and the ensuing complications. Music by Bohuslav Martinu and a text translated by Geoffrey Dunn kept the riverside scene briskly resounding, but I was not heart-broken when the 'all clear' came.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Overdose

THAT WORD 'SERIES' sends shivers down my spine. Have I dodged being a butt for the Archers, a life thrown to the Lyons, only to opt for an obligatory overdose of Tablets? It is one of Henry Reed's little jokes, in 'The Private Life of Hilda Tablet', repeated in the Third last week, that what starts as a compulsory commission for a one-volume biography grows to two and, insupportably, to twelve. Well, the 'Private Life' is the second of his series, there's another this week, another the week after, and a new fifth instalment the week after that, with no end even in sight. The joke is now on whom precisely? Notwithstanding those Woosters who have been laying gilt-edged eggs for P. G. Wodehouse all these years, and a lifetime with Braden, nothing is more difficult than composing comic sequels without flogging the fun to death.

I am, I suppose, in a malcontent minority on this; and there is not so much fun in the Third that I would damp it if I could. The producer, Douglas Cleverdon, has just praised Mr. Reed's scripts as 'the ideal models for any aspiring radio writer', and he should know. Critical colleagues, to say nothing of family and friends, declare themselves much amused. Even I admit that Hugh Burden, Carleton Hobbs, Mary O'Farrell—but what is the satirical point of making a female composer sound like Margaret Rutherford?—and others are giving excellent comic performances. Whenever one of Donald Swann's musical parodies turns up, which is pretty often, my sourpuss purrs with pleasure. (Are we never again, by the way, to have a sophisticated late-night revue on the air, as distinct from the monotony of 'Variety'?) But, two-fifths



'Comedy on a Bridge' on February 21, with (left to right) Patricia Kern as Eva, Julian Orchard as Peter, Alfred Hallett as the schoolmaster, John Lawrenson as Martin, and Louise Traill as Barbara

the way through the series so far, I have a feeling that it is becoming, in the wrong sense, no end of a joke. Personally I prefer the thinking to the winking Reed.

The Third is also making a protracted ordeal of the French Revolution. Not long ago there was a long, turbulent, tiring Romain Rolland reconstruction of the storming of the Bastille. Last week the Third gave over a sixth of its shortened hours to two performances of his equally tiresome 'Danton'. Four years ago, when the Third broadcast Büchner's 'Danton's Death', Donald Wolfitt showed himself just the man for that delinquent demagogue. He still is. But nothing much survived the rhetorical accusations and still more rhetorical denials of the trial. If the Third wants another Danton part for Wolfitt, why don't they do Peter Ustinov's 'The Empty Chair' which has not been acted in London? It has more dramatic ideas to the paragraph than Rolland has to the page. Otherwise I can only hope that Napoleon gets here soon.

Singularly enough, Napoleon stood for spiritual liberty as well as strong government, in the eyes of the political philosopher William Godwin. Perhaps that accounts for the strangely sympathetic portrait of a touchy tyrant, Ferdinando Falkland, in Godwin's odd novel 'Caleb Williams', which accounted for an even larger slice of Third Programme time last week. It was made clear that the radio version, by Walter Allen and Rayner Heppenstall, had nothing to do with the stage version in which J. P. Kemble made a hit at Drury Lane at the end of the eighteenth century. This was obvious, anyway, from the slab of narrative prose with which the dialogue opened. Mr. Heppenstall's production and the performances of Carleton Hobbs and Frank Duncan gave us the singular taste of the book, saved by style from mere melodrama, but there was far too much of it.

The Home Service play for radio, 'A Kind of Immortality' by Lydia Ragosin, was concerned with the tyranny of death. A man who is told he has only three years to live resolves to use them to achieve something that will ensure lasting fame. He spends three months trying to become a great painter. Nothing would convince me that Harry Andrews could ever be as silly as that. Then he plumps for archaeology so that the author can show that the only thing you find by this sort of digging is a tomb with yourself trapped inside it. Before this his nice wife has had more than enough. She goes off to a hotel for an affair with a friend but returns in time to direct rescue operations and speak the predictable fade-out line, 'You see, he'll always—always be alive for me'.

The timely theme of Lionel Shapiro's 'The Bridge' is that not all tyranny is totalitarian. An American tycoon buys a famous scientist an escape from Communist Czechoslovakia and is surprised to find the scientist too has had more than enough. He is reluctant to exchange work on uranium for bombs for work on oil to fly bombers. Unfortunately the treatment is psychologically static and dramatically sketchy. Even Ernest Milton (the scientist) and Macdonald Parke (the tycoon) could not cross a bridge they never quite came to. Even so the play was more substantial than anything in the Home Service on Saturday night for quite a while.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Expert Voices

THIS IS AN AGE of experts, and the amateur, the man who knows what he likes, is sometimes regarded as a quaint survivor from a past which had lower standards and simpler pleasures than our own. Experts, of course, are sometimes dull,

even on their own subjects, and amateurs sometimes inspired, even on other people's; while the pleasure of listening, say, to a selection of the favourite gramophone records of a celebrated boxer or traveller is a harmless one. On the other hand, the B.B.C. has a duty to distinguish between programmes intended to pass the time in an agreeable way, and those intended to widen our experience of life through one of the arts.

I am thinking particularly of the Home Service's Thursday-evening poetry series, 'Personal Choice'. I like these more when the chooser shows some accredited, though not necessarily professional, knowledge of poetry, than when he is someone, however distinguished in his own line, who ignores all critical judgement. A few weeks ago, a man of the greatest eminence in a field far removed from poetry gave a motley selection of good and bad verse, unguided by any perceivable standards, and linked together by autobiographical remarks which had little to do with poetry except that they occasionally seemed to be patronising it. The danger here is that those whose reading is limited—especially the young—may go away thinking a bad poem must be good because a famous man likes it; or even that there is no such thing as good or bad, and that attempts to discriminate are mere academic arrogance.

'Personal Choice' is best, for my money, when a practising poet is in charge, as has been the case for the last two weeks. Last week Mr. Patric Dickinson gave us a fine, little-known Owen, a famous passage from Wordsworth's 'Prelude', and some interesting Emily Dickinson, while his restrained, thoughtful commentary was both relevant to the particular pieces chosen and illuminating about poetry in general.

This week it was Mr. John Betjeman's turn, and he was absolutely splendid, both as anthologist and reader. Taking as his guide-rope the English poet's sense of place, he chose Hardy's 'A Sheep Fair', the Reverend R. S. Hawker brooding over Cornish breakers ('Thus far, incalculable main . . .'), the wonderful London section of 'The Waste Land' ('O City, City . . .'). He started off, literally, with a bang: a magnificent piece of revivalist mumbo-jumbo by Vachel Lindsay (when is someone going to re-issue his collected poems?) declaimed by Mr. Betjeman to the accompaniment of cheerful thumps on a tea-tray kindly lent for the occasion by the B.B.C. After hearing this spectacular performance, I should love Mr. Betjeman to do 'Façade': here, surely, is the successor to Constant Lambert for whom we have been waiting so long. Could not he and Dame Edith perform it together some time?

The quieter poems, which included also the beautiful hundred-and-first section of 'In Memoriam' and Dowson's exquisite lines 'They are not long, the weeping and the laughter', were read by Mr. C. Day Lewis, who provided the perfect contrast to the gusto of Mr. Betjeman. It was all so enjoyable, and so good, that I should have liked the two of them to go on for much longer than a quarter of an hour.

The Third programme's 'Comment' does for the current arts what the 'Critics' do, but on a more selective basis, going more deeply into the subject and without the free-for-all discussion which follows, in the Home Service feature, each individual appraisal. Thursday's 'Comment' was admirable: Mr. David Sylvester spoke movingly of Juan Gris' last paintings; Mr. John Bowen dealt with the Sagan ballet-hoo (I hope some impresario will take up his suggestion of commissioning an English novelist to write a ballet); Mr. Christopher Salmon pointed out the significance of O'Neill's 'The Iceman Cometh' as a forerunner of 'Godot'. All three speakers, in the six minutes each was allotted, far exceeded their brief as mere reviewers, and sustained a higher level than you find in much of the written

criticism at present available. Now that yet another weekly review is threatened with extinction, 'Comment', which this week combined the authority of the best written criticism with a lucidity essential in the Spoken Word but not always found in print, is going to become even more important.

Heralded by appropriately menacing chords, Tuesday's 'Men of Antarctica' programme (Home) gave a fine sound-picture of Dr. Fuchs' tremendous achievement in undertaking the first coast-to-coast crossing of the unknown continent. We heard Dr. Fuch's own voice in a recording of the first radio hook-up between London and the South Pole; and an unforgettable description of a 'white-out', when the horizon disappears, sky and ground are the same colour, and objects look as if they are suspended in mid-air. The light comes from all directions, so that you may fall over a heap of snow a few feet away from you because you won't be able to see it. This programme achieved the right blend of cheerful factual reporting and dramatic salutation to pioneers: a mixture for which there is no recipe, but if you get it right, you get good documentary.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

Two Centenaries

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, on January 30, 1858, Charles Hallé conducted in Manchester the first concert of what is now the oldest permanent orchestra in this country. Less than a month later there was born at Le Mans that extraordinary musical craftsman of genius who, more than any other man, created a new attitude towards the music of the past and established sounder criteria for its performance.

The centenary of 'Hallé's band' is being celebrated in a series of special concerts under the direction of Sir John Barbirolli who came to the orchestra's rescue during the dark days of 1943 and, with the support of the late Philip Godlee and the efficient assistance in the administrative sphere of Mr. T. E. Bean, triumphantly re-created a moribund orchestra and ensured that it was in existence on its hundredth birthday. Listeners to sound-broadcasting were not privileged to partake of the actual centenary concert, a treat reserved for televisioners who could see and hear Clifford Curzon playing with the orchestra in Brahms' Piano Concerto in B flat. Meanwhile we were regaled, if we wished to be, with one of those bogus reconstructions of first performances, entitled 'World Premiere'.

Last week we were given the opportunity of hearing one of these concerts, in which the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra joined forces with the Hallé. The programme was, in the circumstances, naturally designed to show off the large assembly of players. There was the 'Flying Dutchman' Overture played in fine style; there was Respighi's 'Pines of Rome' (complete with real nightingale) which says not very much lusciously and very loud; and there was a splendid performance of Strauss' 'Ein Heldenleben', which says a great deal even more lusciously and much louder. These works gave everyone in the orchestra a chance to show his worth, and very effectively the opportunities were seized. Only the trumpet-calls to battle in Strauss' symphonic poem did not ring out brilliantly enough. There was also, as the work for strings that Barbirolli likes to include in his programmes, Elgar's 'Introduction and Allegro', which he subjected to such high pressure that I feared something would burst.

The other centenary is being, in the nature of things, more modestly observed with a talk by Cedric Wallis in 'Music Magazine' last Sunday morning and another on Monday (after

this is written) by Thurston Dart. Mr. Wallis concentrated on Arnold Dolmetsch's craftsmanship in the making of instruments, illustrated with performances on them by the family he raised up to be the executants upon them. Mr. Dart may be expected to deal with Dolmetsch's researches into old music and its manner of performance, which have had such a profound influence on the musical life of our time. Most of what we hear of music up to the middle of the eighteenth century has been affected by Dolmetsch's work and much of it is played by his pupils. His influence on contemporary music is reflected in the latest programme of 'New Music' which includes a work for soprano, recorder (Carl Dolmetsch), and pianoforte. One may smile at the recollection of the eighty-year-old Dolmetsch, like a benign Mime struggling with some recalcitrant lute or harp, but he was

one of the pioneers of musical scholarship in our time.

Last week's opera, Pizzetti's 'Fedra', deserved its place in the programme for all its slow start. It is difficult to explain, except on the grounds of youth and inexperience, why Pizzetti retained any of the first act of D'Annunzio's tragedy at all. This conflation of Euripides' 'Suppliques' with the Phaedra-story is irrelevant to the main theme of the opera, while the incident, invented by the poet, of the sacrifice of the Theban Slave would hardly be endurable in the theatre. This and the morbid language remind one that D'Annunzio was the contemporary of von Hofmannsthal and brought up in a world that regarded Oscar Wilde as a poet of genius.

Yet once Pizzetti gets under way, he holds our interest and there is nothing morbid about his music. It is, on the contrary, restrained and even

austere, despite some luscious orchestration. There is no hint that 'Fedra' was composed about the same time as 'Madame Butterfly'. Indeed the vocal declamation generally shows a reversion to the principles of Monteverdi, flowering at moments of emotional tension into *arioso*. And the opera improves greatly as it proceeds. The last act with its unaccompanied threnody for the dead Hippolytus and its lengthy *Liebestod* for Phaedra, which owes nothing except the general idea to either 'Tristan' or 'Salome', is consistently beautiful. It might be worth repeating the broadcast without the ineffective and not very well performed first act, which may well have discouraged listeners from persevering. The performance improved greatly in the later acts under the direction of that able musician, Nino Sanzogno.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Anton Webern and his Influence

By IAIN HAMILTON

The first of four programmes of music by Webern will be broadcast at 10.30 p.m. on Friday, March 7 (Third)

WEBERN'S work is great enough to be able to survive the tremendous fashion which it has stimulated during the last ten years. Particularly since the death of Schönberg in 1951, the influence of Webern has been the most notable in *avant-garde* circles everywhere and among the young. Two composers of very different kinds, and in very different ways, have been responsible for this. They are Stravinsky and Pierre Boulez. Both have found a stimulus in Webern; the elder composer absorbing yet another musical experience and integrating the results with his own style in his usual masterly manner, the younger finding a starting point.

Stravinsky's fascination for the highly aristocratic and classical art of Webern is completely understandable. In many earlier phases of Stravinsky's creative activity one can trace in his great economy of method and style many features which, in such a work as the 'Canticum Sacrum' where he uses serial technique strictly alongside movements which do not employ it, blend quite unforcedly with the serial usage. The serene and luminous texture of Webern with its underlying power of passion and strength are also qualities which would appeal to Stravinsky, whose work has always manifested just such qualities. The more directly romantic art of Schönberg with its effusive texture would appeal somewhat differently to Stravinsky.

Boulez has on many occasions stated his position in relation to Schönberg and Webern and has left no doubt in our minds that the latter is his source. His serialisation of such elements as pitch, rhythm, and scoring are further developments of the highly organised design of Webern's work. Further still have these developments been carried by Stockhausen and in electronic music. These extreme territories would have been as yet uncharted but for the influence of Webern.

It is almost platitudinous to say that the great danger of the stricter serial methods is that a mere constructivism may easily result. One must be careful in such a critical attitude not to accuse a composer however of working cerebrally because the result of his work may appear so to us, initially. If he maintains that his work is a sincere expression by musical means, time alone can prove him right or wrong and the quality of his work will in the end win it a place in the main stream of all music of consequence. Such a statement does not, of course, seek to exonerate the legion of insincere note-spinners who seize at all times on the newest ideas either for pure

mental fascination or as a means towards notoriety.

Webern therefore is seen to emerge as a key figure in the mid-twentieth century. Influence can be bad and good and such naturally has Webern's been, but his influence on Stravinsky is surely unique? With his absorption of serial technique and with his combination of it with tonal principles, as in the 'In Memoriam Dylan Thomas' and in parts of the 'Canticum Sacrum', he has bridged the gap between the two trends of tonal and atonal principles which has developed steadily throughout the century. In his seventies Stravinsky has here reached a remarkable rapprochement and has absorbed serial principles without sacrificing anything of his own great personal style or integrity.

At no time did Webern ever seek this kind of meeting point. His whole *œuvre* shows a steady development away from tonal principles of any kind at all. There is nothing comparable in his work to Schönberg's tonal tendencies in the 'Ode to Napoleon', his adherence to the principles of sonata-form, or his later tonal works. Webern allows his evolving ideas to create new forms as they go, retaining eventually nothing of the older forms but canon and variation, both almost essential features of any twelve-tone music. Above all, however, in his music one senses at all times a true musician creating aurally as well as intellectually, as all the great masters have done. This music is conceived in sound, and mere imitation of the method is as fruitless as imitation of the fugal style of Bach if your ears are not engaged in the process. Yet from the study of this music how much one can learn even if one should never feel in any way inclined to use serial methods, for in this music is something beyond any *means* of composition, it is such exemplary proof of what the *end* can be if you have real creative force within you.

In the series of Webern's works which is to be broadcast in the Third Programme copious examples of these various facets of his mastery will be evident, from his earliest and non-serial work to his late and highly serial style. The extreme brevity of his pieces is of great interest. The concise thinking and minuscule canonic structure make this brevity inevitable and logical. What is amazing is that within these short durations of time one feels an expansive manner of expression and nothing in any way cramped or fettered. The works never seem to be shorter than they should be. When, for example, the Symphony or the First Cantata ends, one

feels as satisfied from the point of completeness as if one had heard a classical work lasting half an hour: both Webern works last less than ten minutes each. Length, like quantity, is purely relative, a relativity largely lost sight of during the greater part of the nineteenth century.

The first two programmes of the series contain such works as the First Cantata (1939), with its dramatic opening first movement and limpid soprano solo, as well as the Orchestral Variations (1940), his last orchestral work. The orchestra in Webern is what we should term a chamber orchestra; this applies to all but his early works. The 'Six Pieces' of 1910 are, however, for a mammoth orchestra although they last only about nine minutes; the sound evoked by these is indeed remarkable and should be missed by no one. Equally rewarding are the 'Five Pieces' for large chamber orchestra of 1913 which have infinite subtleties of scoring.

To mention but a few other works: in the second programme are two sets of songs with chamber ensemble, Op. 8 and Op. 13, as well as the Symphony, Op. 21, one of the better-known works, and the last of his compositions, the Second Cantata. In this final work Webern seems to be stretching out to still remoter regions and we are aware that at the time of his death in 1945 he was at the height of his powers. The optimistic and direct force of the closing movement of this Cantata shows us that, like Stravinsky, he preserves and re-manifests the true unsentimental and aristocratic musical thought which was the glory of all great music until 1830 and the glory of very little since, a few great exceptions though there may be in the later nineteenth century. The terrible inclusiveness of Romantic art is gone and music once again is allowed to say things in its own way without all the *Gesamtkunst* nonsense.

The last two programmes are of songs and chamber music and survey his work from its earliest in the Op. 2 *a cappella* choruses, to the late chamber works. One should remember the Op. 17 Songs as the first serial work in his *œuvre*.

Webern's texture is highly individual and of magical beauty when the ear is attuned to it and when its beauties are revealed. The minimum of sound is usually employed; sometimes silence occurs both dramatically and eloquently. His language baffles many, and may do so for some time to come, but anyone who has become accustomed to it is left with his mind enriched and his sense of wonder renewed in the experiencing of a great man's achievement.

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

CREPE SUZETTE

IN MAKING *Crêpe Suzette* I use the recipe as given me by a chef who was a friend of Escoffier. The mixture is slightly richer than the ordinary pancake. Sieve 4 oz. of flour and salt in the usual way, and drop two eggs whole into the well in the flour adding an extra yolk. Just 'probe' the eggs to facilitate the mixing. Then with the most delicate touch start mixing in the flour from the sides, adding milk as necessary. Never let the mixture become too stiff. It should be the consistency of thick cream. Do not worry about the occasional lump. Although you have not beaten the batter, let it stand for a couple of hours in the usual way. When ready to use, strain it to remove lumps. At this stage add to it a walnut of butter—melted but not hot. You can add, too, a spoonful of brandy for flavour. Fry the *crêpes* in butter using only sufficient to grease the bottom of the pan. When cooked pile them one on top of the other.

While the batter is standing prepare the *Suzette* mixture. For this allow a walnut of butter for each person. Add to it an equal weight of caster sugar and beat it to a cream. Then grate some orange peel lightly into the mixture and add the juice. Beat all well together. Mix in a dessertspoon or a tablespoon (according to how much butter you are using) of Cointreau or orange curaçao and an equal quantity of brandy. Make a walnut of this mixture sizzling hot and dip the *crêpes* in, frying on both sides

for a moment on a gentle heat. Then finally fold the *crêpes* in half then in half again. Arrange them in a dish. Pour over a little warmed brandy and liqueur and set a match to it.

ANN HARDY

TWO SIMPLE MENUS

Pork is plentiful just now, so why not try pork, orange, and tomato stew followed by rhubarb meringue. Fry some lean pieces of pork with onion in very little dripping, thicken with flour, adding the grated rind and juice of half an orange, and some tomato puree. Add stock or water, and seasoning. The stew will need a little longer cooking than is necessary for a beef stew, but it is delicious. Add carrots, and then you will not need to cook a second vegetable.

My second suggestion is for bacon-and-leek pie, and rice soufflé. For the pie, cut the leeks into small pieces, and put them in a pie-plate with some bacon rashers, cut up roughly. Simmer in a little stock until the liquid has almost gone. Let them cool a little, then add a beaten egg, and a spoonful of top milk. Cover the whole with a layer of short or flaky pastry, and bake in a quick oven.

The rice soufflé begins as an ordinary rice pudding, which can be cooked either in the oven or by boiling. When the rice is cooked, cool it a little, and stir in two egg yolks and a little vanilla. Make sure it is sweet enough, then fold

in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, and bake fairly quickly.

CHRISTINE CANTI

Perhaps the best-known product of the Russian kitchen is *borsch*, one of the half-dozen or so 'great' soups, but *The Home Book of Russian Cookery*, by Nina and George J. Froud (Faber, 16s.) introduces us to many other delicious-sounding dishes. Among these are *culibiac*—a pie made with either meat or fish—and *bliny*, pancakes made with yeast. Among the vegetable dishes, parsnips in sour cream, turnip soufflé, and onions in puff pastry promise something a little different. There are also suggestions for unusual *hors d'œuvres*. The recipe for the traditional Russian Easter cake reads temptingly.

Notes on Contributors

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER (page 357): Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford University; author of *Archbishop Laud*, *The Last Days of Hitler*, *Historical Essays*, etc.

GLYN DANIEL (page 359): Lecturer in Archaeology, Cambridge University; author of *The Prehistoric Chamber Tombs of France*, etc.

JOHN SEYMOUR (page 366): author of *The Hard Way to India*, *Sailing through England*, etc.

IAIN HAMILTON (page 381): writer, composer and pianist; his latest compositions include 'The Bermudas' and 'Serenata'.

Crossword No. 1,448. A Pencil and Paper Effort. By Tyke

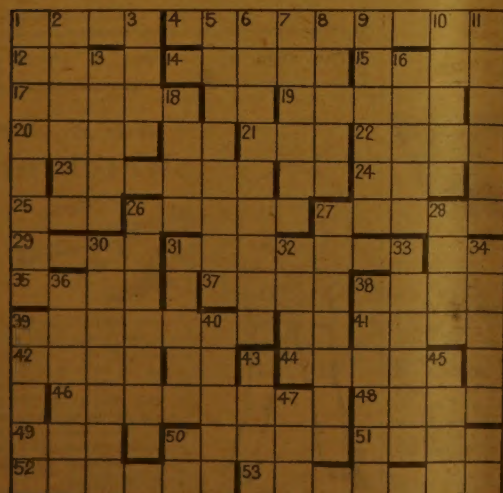
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 6. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The code used will be revealed by eighteen of the lights with clues *en clair*, together with two words elsewhere. Where clues are in italics, the corresponding lights are to be entered in their encoded forms. Numerals in the clues are *en clair*. Occasional ambiguities occurring in decoding clues will be readily cleared up by their purport. The usual numbers in brackets after each italicised clue refer to the letters in the lights after coding. Four encoded lights will be found to be identifiable words. Ignore an accent in one of the lights.

CLUES—ACROSS

- Do be quiet, as said a celebrated Victorian painter in the rear part of a growler (4)



- A shilling for half a pike-perch: a swindle—very emphatically so (9)
- Dsaorlkd pcaa ellox remilt efrel hsk efed* (4)
- Put a note in the small folio to get some parchment for book-binding (5)
- Oxcrcamefcorl esp itmf se eyilnifepyxod* (4)
- Tikld' yoxkscelfeld*—elocle dikorcill yeox sel'd sititseeef ilyeeef klefmeke cef (5)
- Perpetual raid (5)
- Oxoxoldd pyeefl efs acorl pceft y reve* (4)
- Introduces notorious criminal with close-cropped hair (3)
- Reidsl 43 oxs esef tyorl dmlit ye skoye* (4)
- Klorikdl sh y reloxya pceft efl tyox sh Olkreycilmd* ce oxkenife (3-3)
- Weighty fashion (not the reverse) (3)
- Port or whisky (3)
- Market place where a Department of State gets liquor? (5)
- Dmoolded ilmkylef'd yreecefse, itiktyid, cd efs itmf se y esaox hyll?* (5)
- Drink is the theme here, also* (4)
- Partly demented by a blood-fine—in a fever, in fact (7)
- From a distance, one sees the beginnings of a ridiculous show (4)
- Suggests that a cricketer has been dismissed by an underhand delivery for a duck (4)
- Some snipe with a whiff of grape-shot, indeed (4)
- Neglected look: the Navy's here with only part-armament (7)
- Oxcdeksheflox keeo ilymldl deyha ce Dilsefayex* (4)
- Nifecaalk-ptyal olemd (ceoxcolesmd efs efl Eyalykild?)* (4)
- Kceo-pkre cd yef tsrel ce relva* (5)
- A cut-down quill, holding rather unstable ink, was formerly essential to the writer (8)
- Assnifed efl dyrel hkre lceflk leox* (4)
- Alcoholic drink is a snare (3)
- The power of Roman gold saved face (5)
- A personage or personages in old Hungary (4)
- Carriage constructed by Grace Harrison without the assistance of her descendants (6)
- She and father are wrapped up in one another: she expects to succeed (7)

DOWN

- A highly emotional scene marked this year (8)
- Efselt reyxod hkre rasetlk-sh-ilyha* (6)
- Ilsmee yreco eyecfexya tikld* (4)
- Spared in spite of being narrow-minded (8)
- Primate requires nearly all the fruit, as well as a nut mixture (3-4)

- Gypsy's husband, fuddled, follows popular judges objective—to abandon evil ways (6)
- Catalogue included in 'The Introduction to Zymology'—one franc (5)
- Charge (with gas) for one Scottish method of getting money from people (6)
- Fraud with Japanese money implicates senior member of Diplomatic Corps (5)
- University rowing man loses head over river-crossing (6)
- German victory leads to investment of strong point (5)
- Island needing a bit extra, by the sound of it (5)
- Eftcs hyekul shefle dille ce saox-efrel remdcil-tyad* (4)
- Alternative filling in a pancake and a Venetian dance (7)
- Intermediate between a member of the middle class and a servile dependent in type (7)
- Element of danger remains when a wager is lost in a cheap joint (4)
- The end of burglary about the start of the century—and now? (7)
- Emef efed kcoril oxild eref hasp ceefl efl Eyylmife Dly* (5)
- Rubbish! A guy takes the smooth without argument* (4)
- Herb—(name wanted)—a pick-pocket (no counterfeiter) who seizes diamonds (6)
- Pass the time, perhaps, debarré temporarily from office without having made a legal claim (5)
- Quarter—for a Scottish mine? (6)
- Efs nlla oxsn:ceef cd ye saox tyecf pceft efl Olkreyc* (6)
- Relinquish what is by no means forgotten (5)
- Suggests that one more is needed for the batsman's hundred (very mysterious) (5)
- Angle-plate used in strengthening (4)
- 18 ce ilsoxi, itksorcoid efl oxkenifed* (4)
- Highly-inimical isotope of ferrous oxide (3)

Solution of No. 1,446

U	N	A	R	M	I	L	P	A	C	E	D
L	O	C	O	S	I	S	B	O	N	E	
N	E	U	R	A	L	G	R	I	S	N	A
A	M	A	T	A	N	T	O	T	A	R	
R	A	C	H	I	N	G	A	T	E		
I	T	A	F	O	I	D	N	E	P	U	G
A	I	T	C	H	S	O	O	N	P	R	E
E	C	E	E	S	P	R	M	E	L	A	N
L	A	G	N	N	I	S	T	I	E	L	O
L	A	T	E	R	I	T	R	I	P	I	E
I	N	U	R	T	I	N	E	C	I	S	S
S	T	R	E	P	T	O	T	H	E	T	E

NOTES

Across: Pairinus as follows: 1-24 (Una-r-m-ing), 10-49, 15-34, 16-5, 19-43 (Four clues) 21-46, 22-42 (Rac-hill-a), 28-20 (Re-pu(b)-gnant) 30-13, 33-25 (G(reate)r), 35-26, 36-12 (Me-la-no-si), 37-32 (L-ag-oon), 41-18 (Tale, anag.), 44-39 (Ri-pie-nis-t), 45-23, 47-27, 48-14 (anag.).

Down: 1. (Skill)un(ess)-aria, 2. Rev. of lac-I-tame-on, 5. I-land(er) 7. A-bi-O-g-ene-tic, 8. Cost(ean), 17. Rev. of tan + Ural-is-(trouble) 29. Ge-noes-e, 34. Rev. of sille(r).

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